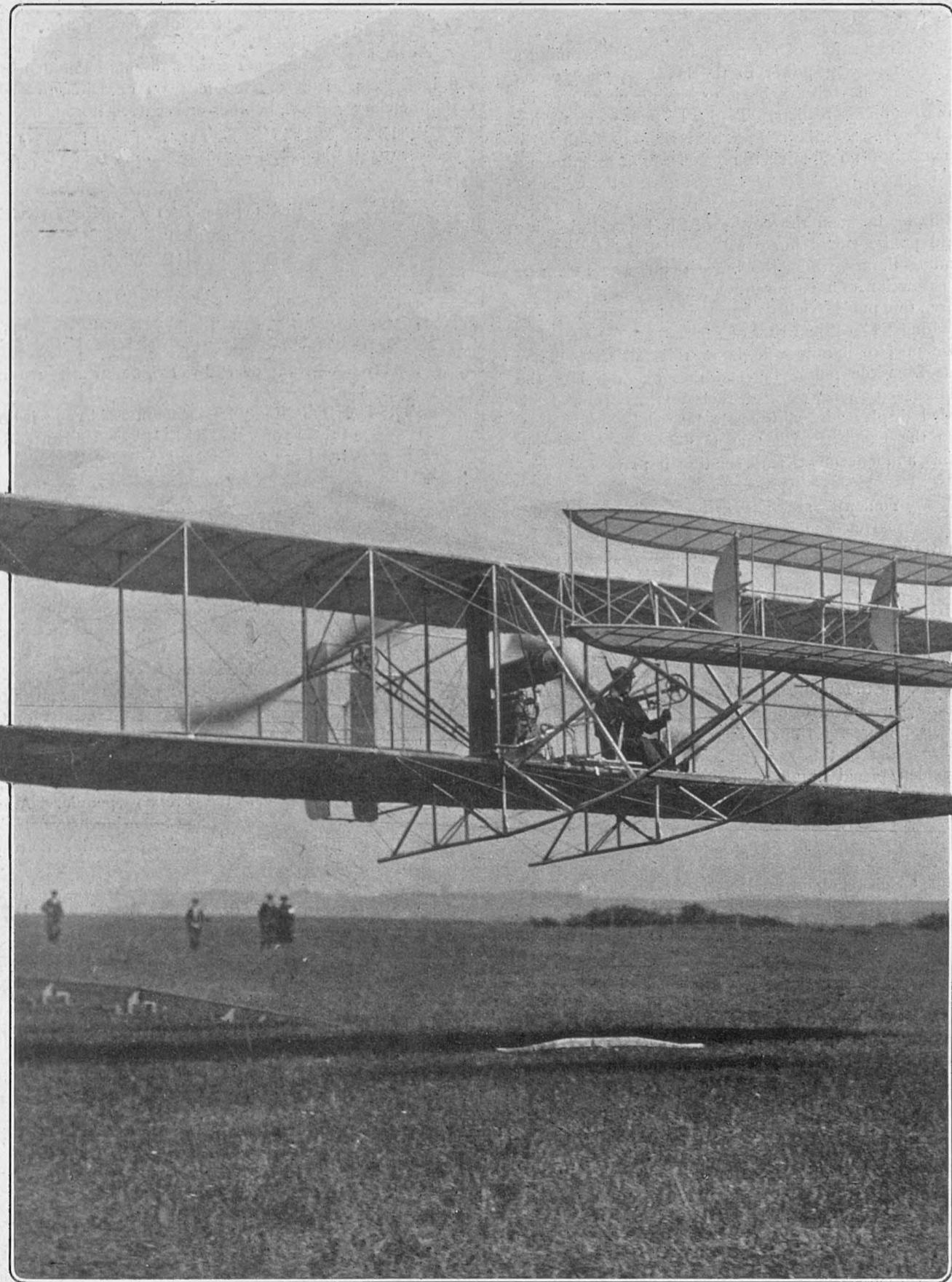


The Sketch

No. 906.—Vol. LXX.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



DOVER TO CALAIS AND BACK IN NINETY MINUTES, BY AEROPLANE: THE HON. C. S. ROLLS
STARTING FOR HIS GREAT FLIGHT.

When Mr. Rolls flew from Dover to Calais and back last week, he created three records. He is the only airman who has made the double journey across Channel on a flying-machine; he is the only British airman who has flown the Channel; he is the only airman who has flown the Channel in a biplane. It may be recalled that the Channel had been flown twice before—by MM. Blériot and Jacques de Lesseps—and that in each case a Blériot monoplane was used. Mr. Rolls favoured a Wright biplane. He did the double journey in ninety minutes. The successful airman, who is the third son of Lord Llangattock, is in his thirty-third year. While at Cambridge, he won a Half-Blue for cycling; he has driven in numerous great motor races; has made over one hundred and sixty balloon ascents; and has interested himself in the flying-machine since its infancy as a practical invention.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



Thrilled to
Death.

The writer of sensational fiction is becoming a terrifying power in the land. A great power he has always been, exercising undoubted influence over the lives of his readers. To-day he goes much further than that—an he so pleases, he can put his readers to death. No monarch, no magician, no physician, no general, no admiral, no executioner holds human life at his mercy so surely as the writer of sensational fiction. You might suppose that, recognising the awful danger lurking between the covers of his harmless-looking books, the timid public would hurry with averted head past the doors of a lending library, whilst the brave public would clamour for the instant extinction of this uncanny demon. But it is not so. On the contrary, the public yields, almost without a struggle, to the fatal, fascinating "I" of the writer of sensational fiction. The publishers, those men of infinite wile, know this full well. They do not disguise from the public the fact that one dip into the pages of the latest sensational work on their lists may prove fatal. Cunningly worded display ads., very costly, but, oh! how effective, widely proclaim the exquisite risk that may be run by merely cutting out "this announcement" and sending it to your library.

Value for Money. You will say, perhaps, that all this is my playful exaggeration. Let me call your attention to the advertisement of the latest sensational story by Mr. R—.

"The reader will dash through the 340 pages descriptive of Sanderson's Piracy on the High Seas, and when he has partially recovered his breath, will gasp a word of gratitude to Mr. R—for entertaining him so thoroughly."

Mind you, this is not the publisher's biased opinion. It is an extract from a review in a leading provincial journal. There should have been pictures, I think, illustrative of the effect of the story on the reader in this way—

- (1) A bed-ridden, placid old lady of eighty preparing to read herself to sleep.
- (2) The old lady, at the tenth page, leaning on elbow, lips parted, eyes beginning to start from sockets.
- (3) Old lady, now halfway through book, sitting bolt upright, eyes quite out of sockets, hair on end.
- (4) Old lady, having finished book, gasping out word of gratitude to Mr. R— before dying. Relatives, hastily summoned, silently acquiescent.

The Ideal Ad. There is room, too, for further enterprise in the "building" of advertisements. The full horror of the risk he can run for his money should be neatly set out before the uncertain reader. Here is a simple and fairly effective working model—

HAVE YOU A WEAK HEART?

If so, you should certainly not be allowed
to Read

"THE THUNDER OF HER HOOFS,"

By Phillips Oppenheim.

"This staggering story fastens upon the imagination with the grip of a vice on white-hot iron. The seething blood races through your veins, pounds in your ears, sears your very toes."—*Mancunian Literary Friend*.

"Chapter XVIII., where the lovely fiend in the shape of an A B C girl pours molten lead into the doctor's rissole quite did for Mamma."—*Letter from a Reader*.

Our Traveller wires: "Trade simply wolfin' it."

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

Another Little Attempt.

I do not pretend, of course, that a little thing like that reaches the limit. The publisher must get more and more tantalising; he must not look back. It is a good plan, on occasion, to give the uncertain reader a glimpse behind the scenes. For example—

THREE DEATHS BEFORE PUBLICATION!!!

We deeply regret to announce that, owing to the extraordinarily exciting nature of

MAX PEMBERTON'S LATEST ROMANCE, entitled

"BLIND TO THE WORLD,"

we have lost the following valued members of our staff—

1 Printer's Reader—died of excitement.

1 Machine - Minder—fell into machine through sheer avidity.

1 Traveller—Run over by engine whilst reading sample.

FIRST NOTICE.—"It does not hold you; it does not thrill you. IT ELECTROCUTES YOU!"

—W. A., in the *National Liberal Review*.

"Got me fair. Did. Straight."—Bart Kennedy's Paper.

THIRD INDELIBLE IMPRESSION.

The Harder Task.

It is easy enough, apparently, for aviators to break records. Nothing could stir us now. If we opened our paper one morning to find that

M. Paulhan had somersaulted round the world we should dismiss the item with a yawn. It is precisely the same with conjurers and acrobats and performing animals: you know they can do it, and they do. But "Our Special Correspondent" bravely attempts to give us the same old thrill. "On the sandhills west of Calais," I read, "stand a little group of French cottage folk. They are talking and gazing seaward. Not a breath of wind ruffles the water. . . . Suddenly a peasant stretches forth his arm, with a low, musical cry. . . . 'Magnifique!' cry the French people. And so the first Englishman flies to France." The following list of stock phrases may prove of some small use to English aviating correspondents attending French meetings—

(1.) *L'argent lui manque.* He's broke to the world.

(2.) *Fasse le ciel qu'il réussisse.* Good luck, old sport!

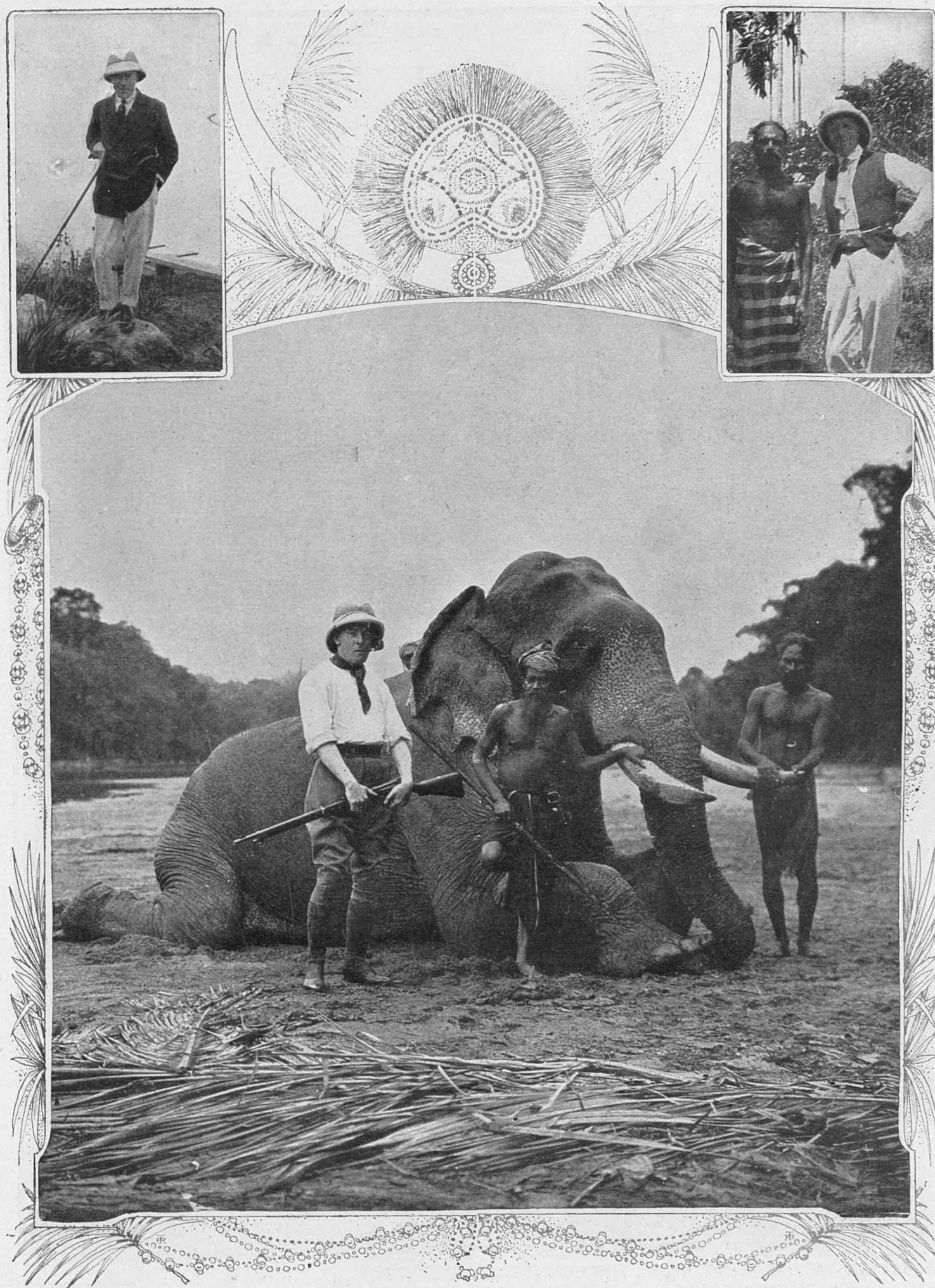
(3.) *Et maintenant, Monsieur, je vous cède la parole.* Kindly describe your sensations for my paper.

(4.) *Il suffit de jeter les yeux sur la carte.* Liar yourself!

A Striking Phrase.

Have you ever had a "shady halo," friend the reader? Do you, as a matter of fact, know what a "shady halo" really is? Don't lie about it. There is nothing to be ashamed of in not knowing. I did not know myself until two minutes ago. I have just come across the phrase in a letter to a daily paper from a warm admirer of Mr. Roosevelt. "We English are a magnanimous people," says the writer. "We can shake hands with the man who gives us a shady halo round the eye if we feel we deserved it, and if the fight was fair." So that a "shady halo round the eye" means, simply, a black eye. You would never have thought of that, and I am quite sure that I shouldn't. Such a phrase enriches the language. I daresay I shall be told that it is used every day in accounts of boxing matches; some people know everything. For myself, I am honest enough to take off my hat to a striking phrase when I meet it for the first time. I am indebted to Mr. Roosevelt's admirer, therefore, and you, I hope, feel indebted, in a languid sort of way, to me.

FROM THE KANDY STORE! GRAVES THE GAY.

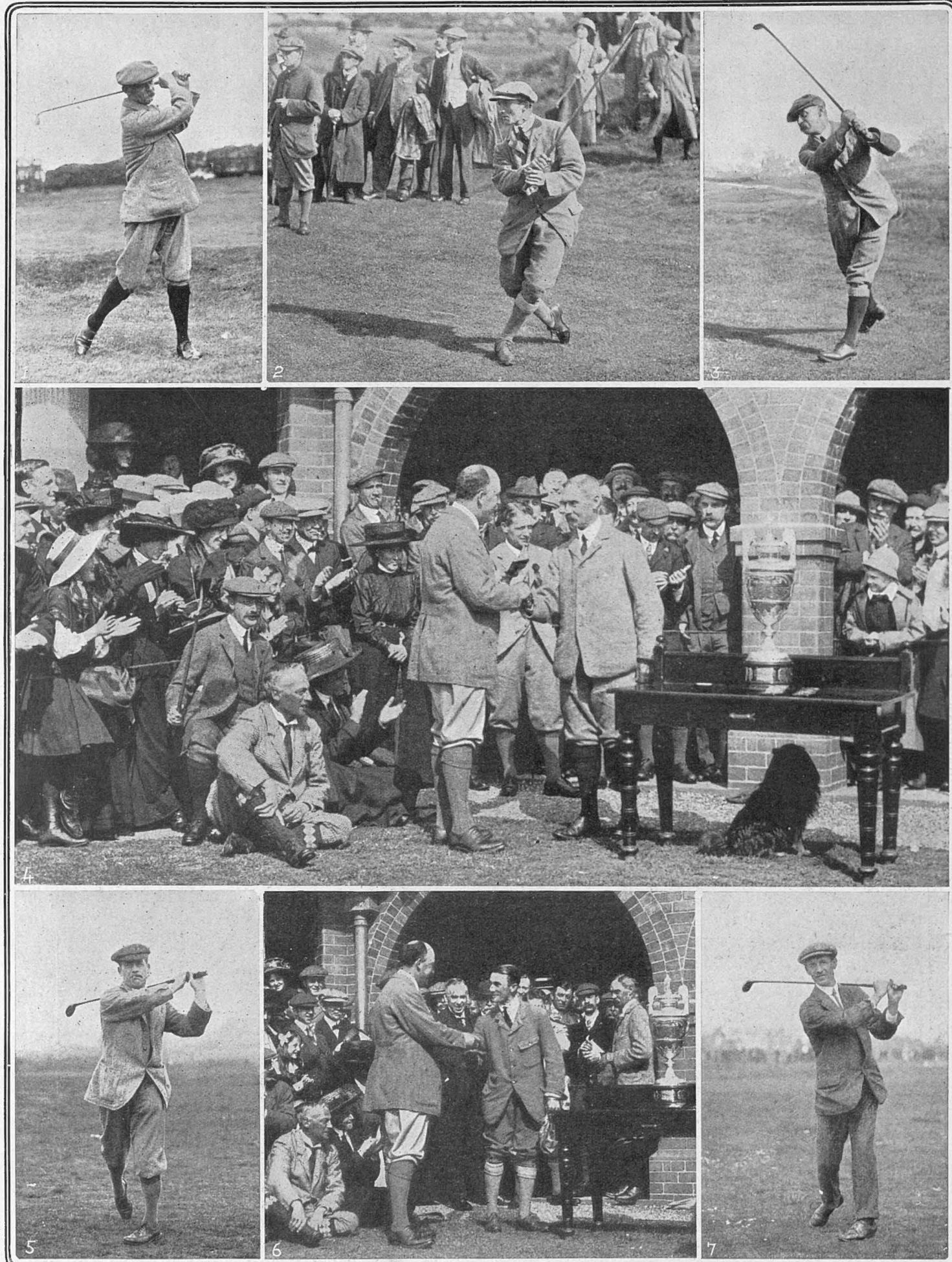


COMEDIAN AND SHOT: MR. GEORGE GRAVES AND AN ELEPHANT HE KILLED AT KALAWEWA.

Mr. George Graves, the famous comedian, has been holiday-making at Kandy, and has been elephant-shooting at Kalawewa, near that place. Mr. Graves writes, "I shot the poor old thing behind the shoulder and he was dead; but propped from behind or otherwise, or I shouldn't look so cheery, for they are nasty beggars, and this one was called a 'rogue,' or outcast elephant." Hence the life-like look of the beast in the photograph.

Photographs by Kerr.

**AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION FOR THE 7TH TIME : MR. JOHN BALL,
THE RUNNER-UP, AND PLAYERS IN THE SEMI-FINALS.**



1. MR. JOHN BALL (ROYAL LIVERPOOL), WHO WON
THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP LAST WEEK.

2. MR. C. AYLMER (SIDMOUTH), WHO WAS BEATEN BY
MR. JOHN BALL IN THE FINAL ROUND.

3. MR. JOHN BALL (ROYAL LIVERPOOL), WHO HAS BECOME
AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION FOR THE SEVENTH TIME.

4. A WELL-WON HONOUR: THE WINNER RECEIVING HIS CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL FROM MR. W. B. STODDART, CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL LIVERPOOL GOLF CLUB.

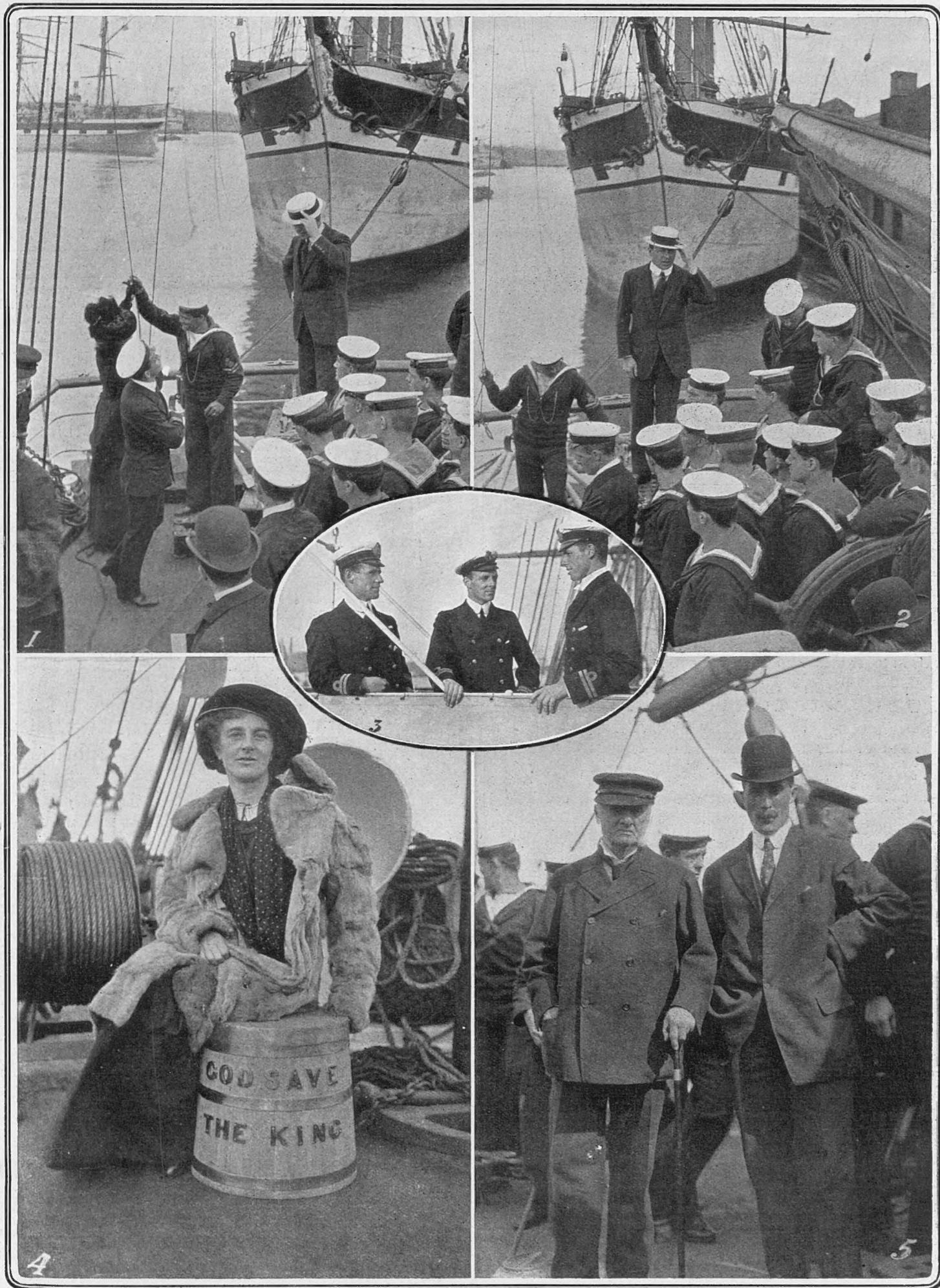
5. MR. H. H. HILTON (ROYAL LIVERPOOL), WHO WAS
BEATEN BY MR. C. AYLMER IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND.

6. MR. AYLMER RECEIVING HIS MEDAL.

7. MR. A. MITCHELL (CANTERBURY), WHO WAS BEATEN
BY MR. JOHN BALL IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND.

In the semi-final round Mr. Aylmer beat Mr. Hilton by 4 and 3, and Mr. Ball beat Mr. Mitchell by 5 and 4. In the final, Mr. Ball beat Mr. Aylmer by 10 up and 9 to play. Thus Mr. Ball won the Amateur Championship for the seventh time. He held it first in 1888; and won it also in 1890, 1892, 1894, 1899, and 1907. In 1887 and in 1895 he was runner-up.—[Photographs Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 7 by Montague Dixon; 6 by Sport and General.]

THE POLE-SEEKERS: THE SAILING OF THE "TERRA NOVA"
WITH THE SCOTT ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.



1. LADY BRIDGEMAN BREAKING THE WHITE ENSIGN ON THE "TERRA NOVA."

2. CAPTAIN SCOTT ADDRESSING THE CREW OF THE "TERRA NOVA" BEFORE SHE SAILED.

3. OFFICERS OF THE "TERRA NOVA": LIEUTENANT E. R. G. EVANS, IN COMMAND OF THE VESSEL; LIEUTENANT R. CAMPBELL; AND LIEUTENANT H. PENNELL.

4. MRS. SCOTT, WIFE OF CAPTAIN SCOTT, ABOARD THE "TERRA NOVA."

5. ADMIRAL SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM AND CAPTAIN BARTLETT (OF PEARY EXPEDITION FAME).

Before the "Terra Nova" left the South-West India Dock the other day, Lady Bridgeman, wife of Admiral Sir F. Bridgeman, broke the White Ensign above the vessel, saying, "I wish good speed, good luck, a successful expedition, and a safe return to you and to all the men on board." Captain Scott is to join the vessel at New Zealand. The cost of the expedition, which it is confidently hoped will culminate in the discovery of the South Pole, will be between forty and forty-five thousand pounds.

Photographs by Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., official photographer to the expedition.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes. EVERY EVENING at 8. OUR MISS GIBBS. Box-office open 10 till 10.

NEW THEATRE. THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. FRED TERRY as Sir Percy Blakeney. Every Evening at 8. Matinée every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

S. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Every Evening at 9, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, by Oscar Wilde. At 8.30, "A Maker of Men," by Alfred Sutro. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS. at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIANS. EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

WYNDHAM'S.—At 9. Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Co. in a New Farical Comedy, THE NAKED TRUTH, by George Paston and W. B. Maxwell. 8.15, "The Parents' Progress." MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 3.

EMPIRE. LYDIA KYASHT and ADOLF BOLM in a series of DANCE IDYLLS, "HULLO, LONDON!" Millie Legarde, J. F. McArdele, Bioscope, and Selected Varieties. EVENINGS at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

JAPAN - BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1910.

JAPAN - BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1910.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.
Under the Auspices of the
IMPERIAL JAPANESE GOVERNMENT
Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
ADMISSION 1s.

GREATES EXHIBITION IN HISTORY.
A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS. A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.

UXBRIDGE ROAD. Admission by MAIN ENTRANCE.
JAPAN AT WORK. JAPAN AT PLAY. JAPAN IN PEACE AND WAR.
JAPAN AT WORK. JAPAN AT PLAY. JAPAN IN PEACE AND WAR.
JAPAN IN EVERY PHASE. JAPAN IN EVERY PHASE.
IMPERIAL JAPANESE MILITARY BAND.
MAGNIFICENT BRITISH MILITARY BANDS.
UNIQUE AND UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTIONS.
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, GRAND PYROTECHNICAL DISPLAY,
by Jas. Pain and Son.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW,
JUNE 6-16, OLYMPIA, LONDON.

The Largest and Most Interesting Horse Show ever held.
3000 Entries.

Each performance unique and complete.

Seats can be booked at Box Office, Olympia, 'Phone 3583 Kensington,

THE WORLD'S BEST HORSES.

Performances daily at 10 a.m., 2 p.m., and 7 p.m.

ENCHANTING FLORAL DISPLAY. THE FINEST BANDS.

UNRIVALLED DECORATIONS.

JUMPING BY 200 MILITARY OFFICERS OF ALL NATIONS.

INTERNATIONAL FINALS AND CHAMPIONSHIPS EVERY EVENING.

Patrons: T.M. the King and Queen.

CHESTER HISTORICAL PAGEANT

JULY 18 to 23, at 2.45 p.m.

8 EPISODES DAILY. 3000 PERFORMERS.

BAND OF ROYAL MARINES. LARGE CHORUS.

Master: G. P. HAWTREY, M.A.

Seats: 21s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., Standing, 2s. From Phillipson and Golder, Chester, and all Cook's Offices.

Booklet free from Managers: Messrs. BARING BROS., Pageant House, Chester.

LEAMINGTON SPA. REGENT HOTEL. Premier Hotel of Midlands. Ideal Summer Resort. Centre of Beautiful and Historic Country. Large Stables and Garage. Moderate Terms. Telephone 741 Leamington. Telegrams, "Regent."

RIPON SPA, THE CITY OF CHARMS.

This Ancient and Historic City and Health Resort is situated in the midst of the most picturesque Yorkshire Scenery.

Health and Holiday Seekers will find Ripon replete with entrancing interest and attraction.

The Pastoral Surroundings for miles around are of unsurpassable beauty, and include the world-famed Fountain's Abbey.

It is also an excellent Motoring, Golfing, Shooting, Fox and Otter Hunting, Fishing and Boating Centre.

The new Spa Baths, splendidly equipped with the most Modern Treatments, including Turkish Baths, Reclining Hot Sulphur Baths, Reclining Cold Sulphur Baths, Electric Immersion Baths, Ionisation, Galvanisation, High Frequency Currents, Vibratory Massage, Local Radiant Heat, Aix Douche, etc.

High Curative qualities are warmly recommended by the medical profession; remarkable "cures" have been effected, and invalids rapidly regain health.

Most luxurious Spa Hydro Hotel, beautifully appointed, standing in its own delightful grounds of 10 acres, accommodating 100 Guests. Private access to Spacious Pump Room and Spa Baths.

Full particulars, Illustrated Guide and Booklets from The Town Clerk, "B" Department, Town Hall, Ripon.

DROITWICH (WORCESTERSHIRE.) THE FAMOUS BRINE BATHS SPA

FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, &c.

Lovely country. Good Hotels. Golf. Illustrated Booklet "I o8" free.

J. H. HOLLYER, CORBETT ESTATE OFFICES, DROITWICH.

"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW SIX-SHILLING BOOKS.

A MOTLEY.

By JOHN GALSWORTHY, Author of "The Man of Property," &c.

A UNIQUE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

FROM THE BOTTOM UP.

By ALEXANDER IRVINE.

"One of the most interesting autobiographies that we have ever read."—SPECTATOR.

NOVELS.

THE DOP DOCTOR	RICHARD DEHAN. [3rd Imp.]
THE DEVOURERS	A. VIVANTI CHARTRES. [4th Imp.]
THE WIFE OF ALTAMONT	VIOLET HUNT.
THE BOOK OF A BACHELOR	DUNCAN SCHWANN.
FORBIDDEN GROUND	GILBERT WATSON.
DEVIOUS WAYS	GILBERT CANNAN. [2nd. Imp.]

London: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

BIRMINGHAM.—IMPERIAL HOTEL, formerly Acorn Hotel, Temple Street. 100 BEDROOMS. Three Minutes' Walk from both Railway Stations. GARAGE. Passenger Lift. Night Porter. Telegrams: "Acorn" or "Imperial," Birmingham.

WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.

The Ideal Residential Hotel. A delightful combination of Hotel Life and Private Flats. Self-contained Suites of Rooms, Single and Double Rooms for long or short periods. Recherché Restaurant. Magnificent Public Rooms. Valeting, attendance, light, baths, inclusive. No extra charges. Telephone, 2341 Victoria. W. M. Netzger, General Manager.

DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET

(next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light, Sanitation officially certified. High-class Restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL.	POSITION UNRIVALLED IN LONDON. Unique Location in PORTLAND PLACE & REGENT ST., W. FAMILY HOTEL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. Modern Appointments. Moderate Tariff.	CHARMING SUITES and SINGLE BEDROOMS FACING SOUTH.
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HARWICH ROUTE to the CONTINENT.

BRITISH ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

VIA THE HOOK OF HOLLAND.

QUICKEST SERVICE TO HOLLAND.

Daily at 8.30 p.m. from Liverpool Street Station.

CORRIDOR TRAIN, Dining and Breakfast Cars.

TURBINE STEAMERS on the Hook service.

DAILY EXPRESS SERVICES, THROUGH CARRIAGES and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Amsterdam, Hanover, Berlin, Cologne, and Bâle; and between Hanover and Leipzig. THROUGH CARRIAGES to and from Frankfort-on-Main, Wiesbaden, Wurzburg, Ulm, Munich, Heidelberg, Stuttgart.

ANTWERP FOR BRUSSELS (AND ITS EXHIBITION)

every week-day, at 8.40 p.m. from Liverpool Street Station. CORRIDOR TRAIN, Dining and Breakfast Cars.

S.S. "Amsterdam," "Brussels," "Dresden," "Vienna."

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY and SUBMARINE SIGNALLING on the G.E.R. steamers.

HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s steamers, twice weekly.

DENMARK, via Esbjerg. Improved service by the Danish Royal Mail Steamers of the Forende Line of Copenhagen, four times per week.

SWEDEN via Gothenburg. New Express Service by the Royal Mail Steamers of the Thule Line of Gothenburg, every Saturday.

Particulars at 12a, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

IMPROVED SERVICE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via Harwich and Esbjerg.

The Danish Royal Mail Steamers of the Forende Line of Copenhagen sail from HARWICH (Parkstone Quay) for ESBJERG every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday night, returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday morning; Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday evening. Sea voyage about 22 hours.

Return Fares: Esbjerg, 6os. 6d.; Copenhagen, 8os. 11d.

The service will be performed by the s.s. "J. C. La Cour," s.s. "N. J. Fjord," and s.s. "Primula." These fast Steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers.

For further information address the United Shipping Company, Ltd., 108, Fenchurch Street, London, or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

HAMBURG.—In connection with the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich. By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers "HIRODELLE" and "PEREGRINE," EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Corridor Train, Dining and Breakfast Cars.

First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 56s. 3d.

Second Class, Single, 25s. 6d.; Return, 38s. 9d.

Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 15, Trinity Square, E.C.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY. A FRESH SENSATION.

£10. A FORTNIGHT'S DELIGHTFUL CRUISE AMONG THE FJORDS AND FJELDS OF NORWAY

—the "Wonderland of Nature"—for £10, including full board. The luxuriously-appointed steam-yacht HAAKON VII. (especially built in 1907 for these tours) starts from NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, JUNE 14, 28, JULY 12, 26, AUGUST 9. Every comfort and convenience; cuisine equals that of first-class hotel. Perfectly smooth water in land-locked fjords and channels.

NORDEN FJELDSKE STEAMSHIP COMPANY, TRONDHJEM, NORWAY.

Write for fully Illustrated Programmes of above, and of more extended Cruises, to P. H. MATTHIESSEN and CO., Newcastle-on-Tyne; also from COOK'S, and all leading Tourist Offices.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d. Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d. Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2. Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s. 1d.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2. Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Rentments may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, 97, Strand, London, W.C.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 6d.

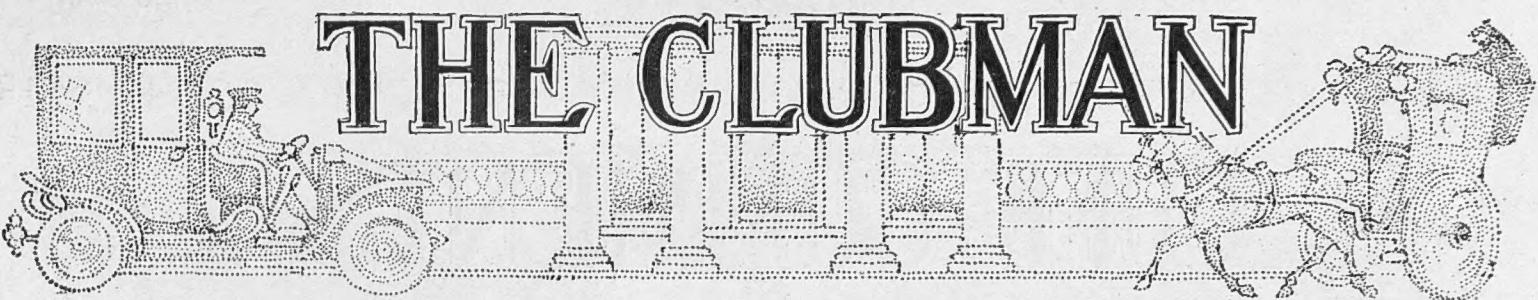
Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or including Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.

Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2. Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s. 1d.



Dr. Wood. Dr. Wood retires from the Headmastership of Harrow, and the good wishes of all Harrovians go with him. He was not an Old Harrovian himself, and he came from a very prosperous day school, and therefore Harrow, when he caught up the reins of power, looked on him with a little suspicion, wondering what sort of headmaster this stranger would be. The boys liked him at once, for his frankness and his good-nature won their hearts. He set himself to make friends with all the Old Harrovians, and became himself an Old Harrovian by adoption — no easy feat to perform. Founder's Day during the period of his rule was a very cheerful meeting day for everybody who had been at the school, and the Headmaster's annual dinners on that night, when he managed to throw men of the same periods at the school together, were very cheerful gatherings, ending with a reception in the Vaughan Library, where pipes were smoked and songs were sung until it was time to catch the last trains up to London.

An Overwhelming One Founder's Day Dinner Party. dinner under Dr. Wood was of quite overwhelming size. The Headmaster and his secretary had gone through the list of Old Harrovians, and had ticked off a certain number who lived near enough to Harrow to be within call when invited to a Founder's Day dinner. It was the intention of the Headmaster to cull from this list batches to be invited on separate years, but by some mistake or another the invitations, which should have spread over several years, were all sent out for one Founder's Day. Dr. Wood made the army of guests who descended upon him welcome, and somehow or another everybody found a place in the old Speech Room, but it was a great crush.

The Harrow Landscapes. What confirmed the good opinion that old Harrovians and young Harrovians had conceived of Dr. Wood was the part he played in the purchase of the fields out beyond "Ducker," to preserve them from the hands of speculative builders. There are two well-known views from Harrow — one from the churchyard, looking across from Byron's tomb to Windsor. Into the middle distance of this view is gradually creeping a town of ugly little red houses, spoiling, to a certain extent, the beauty of a sylvan scene. The other famous view is from the terrace below the chapel, looking over the football-fields to "Ducker" and the heights of Kingsbury. The fields beyond "Ducker" were to be sold, and a tramway and a city of workmen's cottages would inevitably have sprung up there, spoiling the landscape. A subscription was started to buy this land; but at

the beginning the sums of money which came in were not very large. It was not until Dr. Wood himself gave a large portion of his salary for several years towards the fund that old Harrovians, shamed by the generosity of this Headmaster who had come as a stranger to the school, put their hands deep into their pockets, and the fields were recovered.

The Old Harrovians' Association has been started during Dr. Wood's Headmastership, and Old Harrovians now know something of each other's doings, and have their own colours. The Harrow dinner has been restarted, and is a flourishing triennial occurrence, with whoever is the celebrated Old Harrovian, the President for the time of the Old Harrovians' Association, in the chair. Harrow itself has been beautified during the Wood period by the addition of a garden below the terrace, and some new school buildings, and Dr. Wood can leave Harrow knowing that it has flourished exceedingly under his rule, and that he carries away with him the affection and goodwill of all present Harrovians and all Old Boys. The new Headmaster, Mr. Ford, has done very much for Repton what Dr. Wood has done for Harrow, and the best omen for his

success at Harrow is that all the old Repton boys are exceedingly sorry that he is leaving their school.

English-Speaking French.

The French, realising the fact that their representatives at the funeral of King Edward were the only statesmen at that ceremony who did not talk three or four languages fluently, are commencing an agitation that their higher officials should be required to have a knowledge of English and German, as well as their own language. This shows quite a new and humble spirit amongst our neighbours over the Channel, for it has always been one of the boasts of the French that, their language being the language of diplomacy and of cuisine, a Frenchman was always at home all the world over in a salon or in a kitchen. French, no doubt, will always remain the official language in which diplomatists will exchange ideas, for it lends itself better than others to those nuances, which mean so much in the interchange of rigorously correct opinions. Even a war is always preceded by the utmost politeness, and an action which may cost millions of lives is never designated, in French, as anything worse than "unfriendly."

But English is gradually becoming the language of Courts, and any Englishman who travels, and who is brought into contact with many Sovereigns, is continually surprised to find that he is addressed by all of them in his own language. At one time French and English carried a man comfortably round the world. Nowadays the globe-trotter puts German second amongst the languages he must know—English coming first, Spanish third, and French fourth.



ON THEIR WAY TO SALUTE THE BABY WHO MAY BE THEIR QUEEN.
DUTCH WOMEN AND CHILDREN GOING TO GREET PRINCESS JULIANA.

The little Princess Juliana, who was one year old the other day, has been making a triumphal progress through part of the land she may be called upon to rule in the future. Her every appearance in public has been greeted with enthusiasm, and thousands have turned out to see her.



FOOTBALL UNDER STRANGE CONDITIONS: PLAYING THE NATIONAL WINTER GAME ON THE SANDS AT BRIGHTON.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

BY WADHAM PEACOCK

THE French Republic now only gives us thirty matches for a penny. It will soon be cheaper for Parisians to plane over to London when they want a light for their cigarettes.

Is there a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Feet? Who knows what vivisection-like horrors have been going on behind that screen in Trafalgar Square where scientific gentlemen, armed with delicate instruments, have been examining the British feet and inches! That "delicate instruments" sounds a trifle gruesome.

Over ten thousand pounds has been subscribed towards the endowment of

a Professorship of Fuel at Leeds University. The Dons had better ask Lord Kitchener's advice on the subject.

Banzai the Japanese! Their polite circumlocution for the lady novelist who never will be missed is "the female literary talent." And it was in "The Mikado," too, that she was put upon the list.

MY EVENING DRESS.

(M. André de Fouquière says that one of the principal reasons why colours can never be accepted for men's evening wear is that it would spoil the effect of the bright toilettes of the women.)

I thought to bid my tailor cut me out an evening suit
Of the colour of the damson, or some other lurid fruit,
Or perhaps a vivid scarlet with a modest dash of pink,
Or a blue with soft reflections, like an advertising ink,
Or perhaps a waspish yellow, or a simple, grassy green,
For I meant to have the smartest evening raiment ever seen.
But a certain M. André, whose surname's de Fouquière,
Asserts that vivid colourings are barred for evening "wear";
That men must wear soft, neutral tints, because, of course you guess,
In colours they would interfere with Women's Rights in dress.
So in rage and desperation I have once more fallen back
On the commonplace, "immaculate," and dingy suit of black.

Yet one more last word about the Comet. It has been almost invisible in England, but a man who said that he was looking for it was charged with attempted burglary. It needed a genius to think of looking for Halley in the plate-basket.

Herr Ohlsson — who, as you have surmised, is a Swede — confesses that the noise of London

bewilders him, and that he is afraid to cross Fleet Street without holding somebody's arm. That is the right spirit. There is no swank about Herr Ohlsson; he just tells the naked truth.

Two hundred historical, geographical, and classical works are to form the light reading for the South Pole Expedition. The long nights should be a famous opportunity for Captain Scott to read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and, if he has any time left, one or two other cheery little works which every well-read man ought to know backwards.

THE NEW REST CURE.

(There is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to carry out the instructions contained in the following poem.)

If you want to be cured by the cure
That's the latest and snappiest
"stunt,"
You must sit on a chair with your feet
in the air,
And your toes pointing well to the
front.
You must stretch out your muscular
arms,
Your mouth like an "O" must be
drawn;
Then throw you head back till your
collar-studs crack,
And yawn, yawn, yawn.



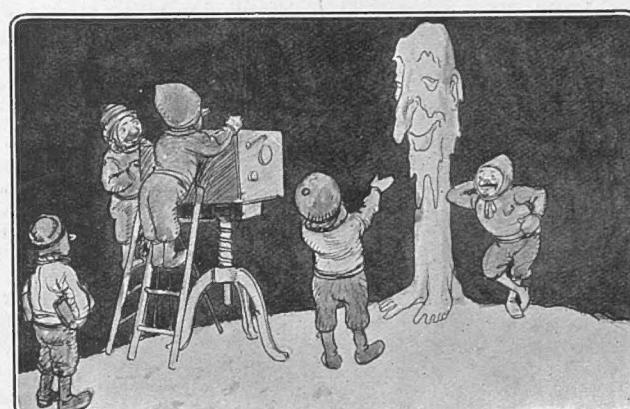
The most wonderful cinematograph machine ever invented is going to be taken to the South Pole. That is all right. All that the patient has to do is to stand still, look pleasant, and think of the North Pole.

A magnificent flamingo has been badly hurt in Lincolnshire. No, you are wrong this time. It was not shot by a "sportsman," but merely ran into the telegraph wires on the Great North Road.

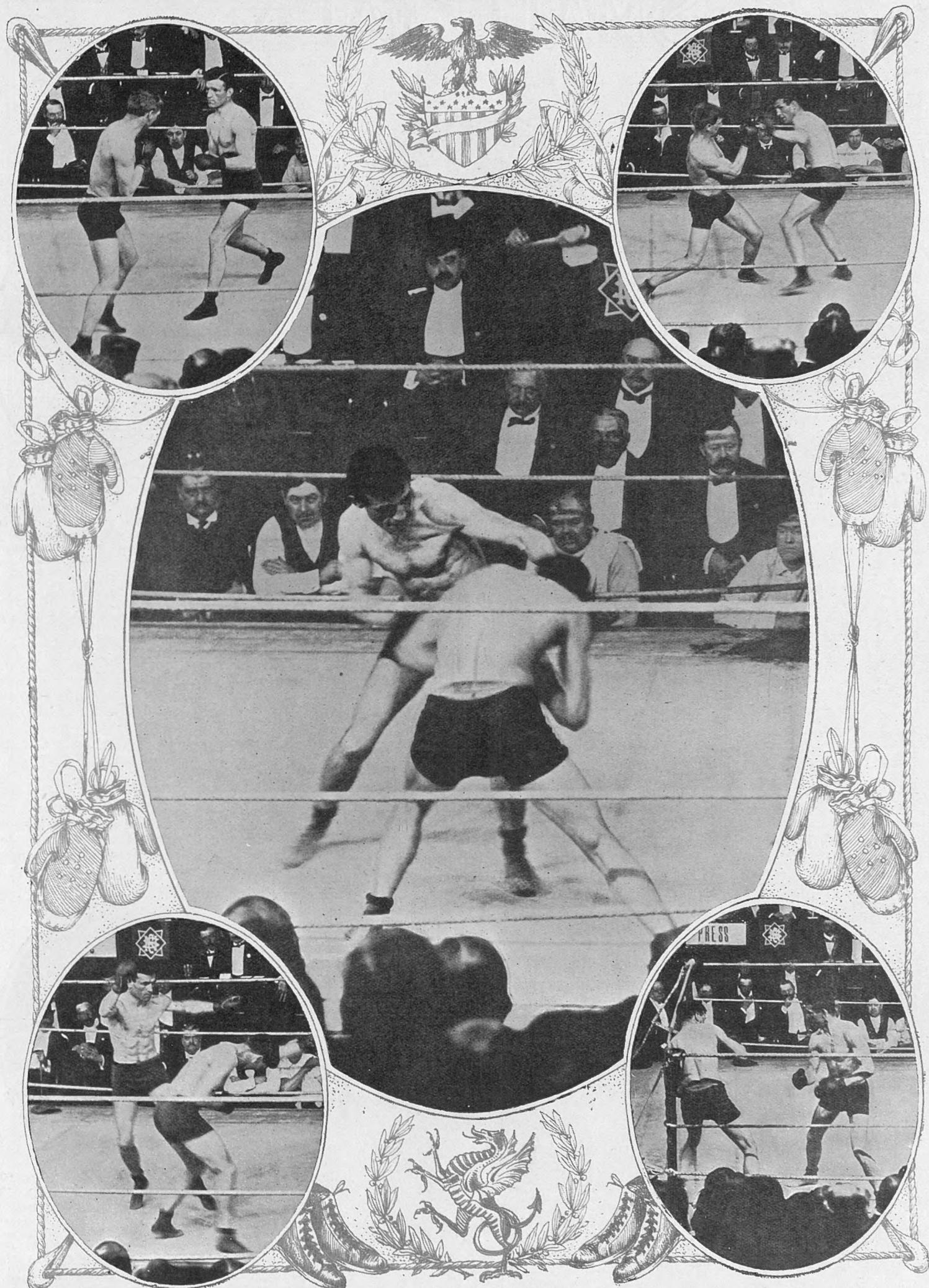
"War Office's New Caterpillar," says a sporting headline. What are they going to do with it? Enter it for a race with the Home Office snail?

In Paris they are always trying to discover some new meat, and the last thing they have hit on is the fretful porcupine. It may be wholesome, but it sounds about as appetising as a diet of matinée-hat garnished with hat-pins.

A splendid diet for a næmic woman is beef-marrow and blackcurrants. This ought to frighten the illness away if anything can.



"TWENTY HARD AND GRUELLING ROUNDS": THE GREAT FIGHT
BETWEEN FREDDIE WELSH, OF PONTYPRIDD, AND PACKY McFARLAND, OF AMERICA.



DURING THE STIFF CONTEST THAT ENDED IN A DRAW: WELSH AND McFARLAND
AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

Welsh and McFarland had agreed to box twenty rounds at 9 st. 7 lb., with 6-oz. gloves, for a purse of £1500, divided as follows: Winner, £1200; loser, £300. The match ended in a draw. A record audience watched it, excellent evidence of the exceptional interest taken in it and in its preliminaries. In Welsh's corner were Bandy Davis, Joey Smith, and Harry Marks; in McFarland's, Keneally, Jimmy Britt, Lake, and Moran.—[Photographs by Topical.]

SMALL TALK

LORD BLYTH has added a new hobby to his list, more amusing than tuberculosis or the Imperial fiscal policy. At the Orchardson sale he proved himself the cleverest buyer of pictures in the room. With professional unobtrusiveness his bids seemed always to come in and end at the right moment, so that he took home with him to his neighbouring house in Portland Place several excellent bargains. Mr. Cope, R.A., used another method: he would swoop down on the thing he desired like a bird of prey. Everybody was in the secret of his admirations, and often as not his resolute determination to get what he wanted seemed to daunt the other



ENGAGED TO MR. ERIC THIRKELL WHITE: MISS CECILY BROOME.

Miss Broome is the eldest daughter of Mr. F. Broome, of Winterbourne, Weybridge.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

bidders, so that he, too, came off well. After all, shooting bids at an auctioneer may be quite as exciting as shooting goals at Ranelagh or pigeons at a gun club. And there is something to take home at the end of it all.

Heathfield. "My spring and my cuckoos come from Heathfield, wheresoever less fortunate people get theirs," writes Mr. E. V. Lucas in his introduction to "Heathfield Memorials." Other things come from Heathfield; Mr. W. C. Alexander, I warrant, gets his



TO MARRY MISS FRANCESCA HONNER TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): LIEUTENANT C. C. SHERMAN, R.N. (RETIRED).

Lieutenant Sherman is the son of Mr. C. B. B. Sherman, of Albury, Surrey.

Photograph by Swaine.

painter, Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, of whom it is told that he was caught

justified in looking like a Lifeguardsman, and the officers of the Guards in bearing themselves like the followers of the stooping professions. Mr. Trench is not the only theatrical manager who spoils the conventional type. Nobody could well look less like the real thing than Mr. Charles McEvoy, whose Aldbourne village players and whose play have proved so interesting. Mr. McEvoy might be anything, from a Whitechapel conspirator disguised as a landscape-gardener to a landscape-gardener disguised as a Whitechapel conspirator. He is, by the way, a brother of the distinguished



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN MEDLICOTT YESTERDAY: MRS. MEDLICOTT. Mrs. Medlicott was Miss Gosselin. She is a daughter of the Hon. Lady Gosselin, and of the late Sir Martin Gosselin.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

in his studio one day on all fours, with a tablecloth spread over his back and a vase of flowers atop. "You see," he explained, nodding towards his wife, who is also a painter, "she has to put a table into that picture, and I am posing for it." That was in the days before fortune, fame, and furniture were theirs.

Bachelors, Resolved Lord Elphinstone — and Unresolved. stone — after having, as a boy, gone round the world with James Henry Froude, and decided that his whole heart was to be given to travel and sport—is engaged to be married. For



ENGAGED TO MISS CECILY BROOME: MR. ERIC THIRKELL WHITE.

Mr. Thirkell-White is the son of Sir Herbert Thirkell-White, Lieutenant-Governor of Burmah.

house on the heights of Campden Hill is as famous for its view as its Whistlers, sets a fine example in the local loyalty and enthusiasm that, were it widespread, would do something to keep our rural populations from flocking to the cities.

The Table-Talker. If an article of the modern man's code is not to seem to be what he actually is, Mr. Herbert Trench is



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: MISS INA PELLY, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING "WATER" IN "THE BLUE BIRD," AND MR. CHRISTOPHER W. LOWTHER, ELDEST SON OF THE SPEAKER.

Miss Pelly, whose charming performance as Water many will remember, has now left the stage. She is a daughter of the Rev. Canon Pelly, and Mrs. Pelly, of the Vicarage, Cookham Dean, Berks. Mr. Lowther, as we have said, is the eldest son of the Speaker.

Photographs by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

chickens and spring asparagus from the Sussex village. The owner of Heathfield Park, Mr. Alexander, knows more about the varied and curious history of the place than anyone, unless Mr. Perceval Lucas, the well-known antiquary, who is the author of "Heathfield Memorials," must be given first place in a competition confined to two. Mr. Alexander, whose town

just on forty-one years he has been a bachelor of the gun and the saddle, but his steadfastness in the unmarried state cannot now be mentioned beside that of the thirteenth baron, of whom it is averred that he never married in consequence of having fallen in love with Queen Victoria when he was a youth.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT C. C. SHERMAN TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS FRANCESCA HONNER.

Miss Honner is the eldest daughter of Commander J. Honner, R.N., of Wellwood, Low Fell, Co. Durham.

Photograph by Swaine.



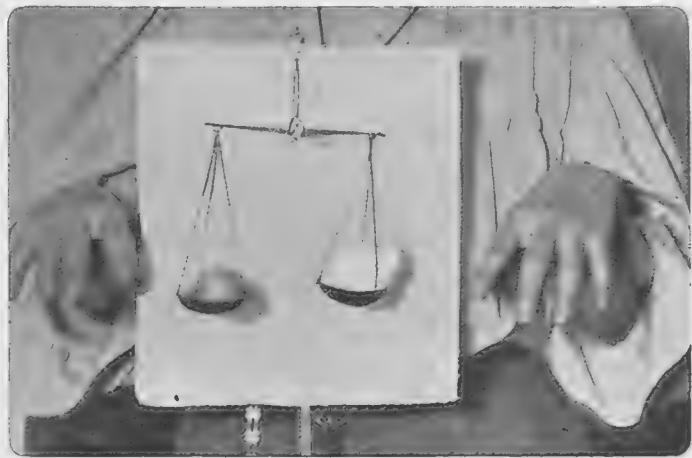
MARRIED TO MISS GOSSELIN YESTERDAY: CAPTAIN MEDLICOTT. Captain Medlicott, 3rd Skinner's Horse, is the son of Mr. Henry E. Medlicott, of Sandfield, Wiltshire.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

Lord Elphinstone's charming bride-elect, is the daughter of Lord and Lady Strathmore. All Forfarshire and half Scotland are involved in the amiabilities of the forthcoming marriage. Of Lady Mary's six brothers, the eldest is Lord Glamis, and her fiancé's relatives form as large a clan as her own, his cousins including Lord Dunmore and Mr. Cunningham-Graham, the soldier and the Socialist. Lord Elphinstone's home is Carberry Tower, Musselburgh.

LEVITATION! RAISING ARTICLES WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM,
AND WITHOUT THE AID OF WIRES OR ANY MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCE.



A LIGHT CELLULOID BALL WEIGHED DOWN BY A MARBLE PAPER-WEIGHT—THE NORMAL POSITION OF THE OBJECTS IN THE SCALES BEFORE Mlle. TOMCZYK'S EXPERIMENT.



Mlle. TOMCZYK CAUSING THE LIGHT CELLULOID BALL AND THE MARBLE PAPER-WEIGHT TO BALANCE, MERELY BY PLACING HER HANDS CLOSE TO THE PAPER-WEIGHT, AND CAUSING IT TO RISE.



OBEYING A STRANGE POWER: A PAIR OF SCISSORS RISING INTO THE AIR AS Mlle. STANISLAWA TOMCZYK HOLDS HER HANDS ABOVE IT.

The scientific world of the Continent has been much interested of late in the experiments made by Dr. Ochorowicz, of Paris, and Wisla, Silesia, with Mlle. Stanisawa Tomczyk, a medium who has extraordinary magnetic qualities. When hypnotised, Mlle. Tomczyk has the remarkable power of being able to levitate any objects she chooses. In one set of experiments a glove was put on the table in front of her, and at her bidding it rose, curved over from the middle, and went high up into the air, to drop gently into the lap of the person indicated. The same sort of thing she did with a magnet, as well as a pair of scissors, a match-box, and a note-book, the pages of which last turned over in accordance with her directions. Still more striking was one of the experiments with the scales. She asked that the scales should be fastened to the bottom of the gas-bracket. This done, an egg-shaped marble paper-weight was placed in one of the pans, and a celluloid ball in the other. By merely placing her hands near the paper-weight she caused that pan to rise until it was on a level with the one containing the light celluloid ball. It need hardly be said that elaborate steps were taken to prove that Mlle. Tomczyk had no wires concealed on her person.

CROWNS: CORONETS: COURTIERS

HOUGHTON HALL, which is named as a suitable residence for King George, in his father's favourite county, is a splendid mansion in the marble-halled and stately-staircased style dear to Ripley, the architect. Every age ridicules its own builders, and although we now admire Houghton for its palatial grandeur, it met with severe couplets from Pope, who wrote—

Heaven visits with a Taste
the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley,
with a rule.

King Edward often visited there, and King George has shot over the Houghton coverts with more than one of Lord Cholmondeley's tenants, who have included Colonel and Mrs. Vivian and Mr. Kennard and Cora Countess of Strafford. Lord Cholmondeley is himself, of course, very well known at Court.

The de Bunsen Baby.

Ambassador. In London, Countess Nathalie Benckendorff, who will be a radiant bridesmaid at to-morrow's wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, strikes the average and accepted age for the daughters of Ambassadors. It is a convention that they should be of years fitting for such maidenly services, or, like Mr. Whitelaw Reid's daughter, Mrs. John Ward, be the cause of them. But births are not against the rules, and Sir Maurice de Bunsen is to be congratulated on the addition to his household in Madrid. Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who married Miss Lowry-Corry only eleven years ago, is still two years short of sixty. Thus he is a younger man than many others who hold similarly exalted positions. The Spanish Ambassador in London is exactly sixty, while the Russian Ambassador is one year behind, and M. Cambon seven years in advance of that number. Mr. Whitelaw Reid is seventy-three—a fact that must almost be verified in a Court Guide before being believed, so much younger is he in appearance than in years. Younger than all these is Count Paul Metternich, who in the gravity of his outlook upon the world's affairs, the mellow ness of his manner and never-to-be-ruffled courtesy, need concede nothing but seniority to his friends of the Diplomatic Corps.



TO MARRY MR. JOHN RADFORD-NORCOP TO-MORROW (THE 9TH): MISS PHYLLIS THORNTON.

Miss Phyllis Thornton is the daughter of Colonel Walker Thornton, of Maidenhead, Pangbourne. *Photograph by Rita Martin.*

afternoon. Many of Mrs. Hind's guests found themselves wishing that North Street, one of the few unspoilt places in Westminster, were rather longer. As it is, the people who can live in it number only about one twentieth of the people who have visited No. 19 since Wednesday last.

The Troubetzkoi. Princess Troubetzkoi is neither to marry an Englishman nor to marry in England. M. A. Boutenoff is Second Secretary at the Russian Embassy in London, but London's part in the interesting engagement ends there. As Military Attaché, and in other capacities, Prince Troubetzkoi was a well-known figure here—the handsome Troubetzkoi physique being apt to assert itself wherever it is found.

And it is found everywhere. Prince Paul Troubetzkoi is the sculptor. Prince Pierre, his elder brother, the painter, who knows everybody, is marvellously much liked, and has made portraits of all his more intimate friends in London. He, too, has the Troubetzkoi strength of manner and muscle. When, just before Millais' death, he was taken to that artist's studio, the Englishman was delighted to learn of his visitor's artistic intentions. "They bring me," he said, "their weak, sickly children who are good for nothing else and think to make painters of them. You are strong, and will paint strongly."

An Obstruction. The conflict between people and police in Ireland reminds me of the story of the Irish driver who confided great news to the stranger just arrived in Mayo. "I don't mind telling you," he said, "that you are come at a grand moment for Ireland. The whole country-side is prepared." "Prepared for what?" "Prepared," said he, "to strike the blow. There are 500,000 men fully armed ready to rise and sweep the invader from the poor afflicted island." "Then why don't they do it?" "Sure, Sorr, the police won't let them."

Fair Women—and Others. The figure of a lady wrapped all about in the embrace of a voluminous black coat is one of the few exceptions to the rule of plainness so carefully kept at the Fair Women Exhibition. The painter is Sargent; the sitter Mrs. Mathias, a daughter of Mr. Asher Wertheimer. "Almina," the curiously unexpected Sargent of a dark maiden in an

Eastern fancy dress, has puzzled some people; she too is a daughter of the great Asher. I noticed Mr. Charles Wertheimer, by the way, carefully studying Jimmy Valentine and his methods at the Comedy the other night. Mr. Wertheimer has had a burglar of his own.



MARRIED RECENTLY: MRS. KENNETH LEE (MISS GIULIA STRAKOSCH).

Miss Strakosch is very well known on the concert platforms of this country and of the Continent. She is an American.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Many North dwellers in Street. small houses and flats will adopt some such device as Mrs. Lewis Hind's. To-day her seven-days' At Home comes to an end. There is something delightfully unexact ing, yet inviting, in the knowledge that your friend's house is quietly, but yet specially prepared for your reception for a whole week instead of for one crowded, tearing, hot

THE LATE VISCOUNT CHELSEA, WHO HAS DIED AFTER AN OPERATION FOR APPENDICITIS.—*Photograph by Farman.*

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



ARRANGING A CHARITY MATINÉE FOR FRIDAY: MRS. SAXTON NOBLE.

Mrs. Noble is the wife of the second son of Sir Andrew Noble, the well-known scientist and expert on explosives.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

BUSKINS FOR BEAUTIES : THE SHOEING OF VENUS.



NOTHING is more true in the world of fashion than the statement that you have only to keep an out-of-date article of dress long enough for it to come into vogue again. Within the last few years, for instance, we have seen the revival of the Directoire dress, the costume of ancient Greece, the mushroom hat of Victorian days, the full skirt (minus the hoops) of the crinoline period, and the mittens of our grandmothers. Now comes the news that the buskin-shoe, based on the buskin of classic days, which came into favour some sixty years ago, is the height of fashion, and sought by all fair followers of the vanities.

“FEATURING” THE FEET: THE FASHIONABLE SHOES OF THE MOMENT.

The shoe of the moment is as elaborate as it is dainty. It takes various forms; and it is notable that the heel is lower than it has been for some time. The greatest novelty is the shoe known as the buskin, the shape of which is based on that of the ancient buskin, which, it will be remembered, covered the foot and the leg to the middle and tied underneath the knee. The stage buskin was worn by actors in tragedy, as the sock was worn by comedians. These particular buskins had exceptionally thick soles, that the stature of the actor might be increased and additional dignity lent to him by height. The buskin-shoe is the third on the left-hand side of the illustration, reading downwards.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"Don César." It makes one feel young again to see such an old friend as "Don César de Bazan." My first acquaintance with the irrepressible Don César was in "Maritana," where he insisted on falling like a soldier. The music probably made me overlook the unintentional absurdities of the book; they were very obvious at the Lyric in Mr. Gerald du Maurier's version of the sixty-six-year-old French melodrama. Still, the house did not smile at the absurdities, and it did laugh at the jokes with which the piece is peppered, and it was quite enthusiastic. Therefore, let the voice of the critic be low. No one pretends that this is a contribution to real drama, or invites us to discuss it seriously, so we may cheerfully record the fact that Mr. Lewis Waller had quite a triumph in the part of the romantic hero, playing it with gusto for all that it is worth, and a good deal more, and bearing himself with a gallant swagger—I fear "panache" is an impossible term—which delighted the ladies. Miss Madge Titheradge also had a triumph. She won the audience in the first five minutes by dancing with an energy and skill such as I have never seen displayed by a professional actress of the legitimate. After this her task of rendering the Spanish gipsy came easily to her, and she charmed everyone. It has been said that Mr. Leon Quartermaine was not regal enough as the King of Spain, but he was quite kingly enough for the King of the play. Miss Beryl Mercer represented Pedro with ability and sincerity—fancy following nowadays the bad old tradition and giving the youth's part to a woman! Mr. Haviland as the very clumsy villain worked heroically.

Another Revival. The case of the revival of "The Case of Susan" is quite different from that of "Don César." Sir Charles Wyndham has chosen a sixteen-year-old play that has worn well. It may not represent the latest word in comedy—partly, I think, because, essentially speaking, it is farcical. Indeed, it is at least arguable that in it Mr. Henry Arthur Jones meant to make fun of certain problem plays, and particularly of "Francillon"; but it has always been acted seriously. The merit lies in the wit, which has not grown stale, and some of the characters. The caricature of the Suffragette, cleverly played by Miss Athene Seyler, and of the æsthetic, ably acted by Mr. Leslie Hamer, may seem a little out of date; but the naughty old Admiral, irresistibly rendered by Mr. Alfred Bishop, is quite a gem. The central figure, the talkative Sir Richard, gives Sir Charles Wyndham one of his best parts, and it is almost needless to say how he acted it. Miss Mary Moore, the Susan, charmed her admirers. Mr. Sam Sothern was amusing as the faithless husband, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys rendered the fascinating widow delightfully.



"JUDGE NOT," AT THE QUEEN'S: MISS EDYTH OLIVE AS THE PRISONER'S WIFE, AND MR. H. B. IRVING AS THE EXAMINING MAGISTRATE.

The Irish players at the Court we come to a world of ideas and ideals. "Deirdre of the Sorrows" does not show the late J. M. Synge at his best, for it was not finally revised by him; yet it is a beautiful, pathetic tragedy, containing some exquisite passages, and it was represented with dignity and sincerity by the company, even if its full dramatic force was not realised. Miss Maire O'Neill certainly gave a poetic note to her performance as the unhappy heroine. Some of us prefer these players in their lighter work, such as Lady Gregory's very funny farce, "Hyacinth Halvey," which was full of native humour, and rendered admirably. It will take a long time to forget comic performances such as the post-mistress of Miss Sara Allgood and the provision-dealer of Mr. Arthur Sinclair.

An Irish Lady Gregory's "The Image," the second new play introduced by the Irish company, is like "Hyacinth Halvey," in that we have the same delightful people of a poetical and humorous cast of thought, and the same turning to account of a simple, irresponsibly farcical idea. This time, however, the idea is spread out over three acts, which stretches it rather more than it can bear; but for

the greater part of these three acts the affair is deliciously funny. It is simply a discussion as to the spending of certain money to arise from two whales which have been found on the beach. It is decided that there must be a statue, and there are differences of opinion as to whether it should be a statue of O'Connell or Parneil. For various reasons the voting is in favour of an unknown name, which the gentleman who in England would be called the village idiot, but who in Ireland is an inspired dreamer and poet, has found written upon a piece of stick. The sculptor's reason for his vote was the most convincing—namely, that it would be easy to get a good likeness of somebody whom nobody had ever seen or heard of. It turned out that there was no money from the whales; on which Lady Gregory pointed out the vanity of human ideals, and, in enforcing the lesson, had given us a very entertaining evening, with the assistance of some admirable acting by the whole company.

The New Richard III. Mr. Martin Harvey has undoubtedly shown courage in putting "Richard III." before the audiences at the Lyceum. It can hardly be called a very attractive play for the ordinary play-goer: it is often difficult to understand; it is not rich in dramatic situations. Richard's conquests and murders are too easy: there is no real opposition, and his fall is the sudden result of good, vigorous fight, and no culmination of any scheme of dramatic development. Still, Mr. Harvey, acting with cleverness and vigour, did his best with a part for which he is not fitted by temperament or physique; and an adequate company of indignant queens and plotting dukes found much favour with the audience on the first night.



"ROBERT MACAIRE," AT THE QUEEN'S: MR. TOM REYNOLDS AS JACQUES STROP, AND MR. H. B. IRVING AS MACAIRE.

acting with cleverness and vigour, did his best with a part for which he is not fitted by temperament or physique; and an adequate company of indignant queens and plotting dukes found much favour with the audience on the first night.

THE WEDDING OF VISCOUNT WOLMER AND THE HON. GRACE RIDLEY.
THE BRIDE, THE BRIDEGROOM, AND SOME BRIDESMAIDS.



1. THE HON. VIVIEN RIDLEY, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY—A BRIDESMAID.
2. VISCOUNT WOLMER, ELDEST SON OF LORD SELBORNE—THE BRIDEGROOM.
3. THE HON. GLADYS RIDLEY, ELDER DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY—A BRIDESMAID.

4. AND 5. THE HON. GRACE RIDLEY, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE LATE VISCOUNT RIDLEY—THE BRIDE.
6. MISS ASHTON, DAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS OF SCARBROUGH—A BRIDESMAID.
7. LADY CECILY BROWNE, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF KENMARE—A BRIDESMAID.

The Hon. Grace Ridley, who to-morrow (Thursday) will be married to Viscount Wolmer, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Selborne, is the only unmarried sister of Viscount Ridley. She is niece to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the Countess of Aberdeen, who have come over for the wedding despite their own and the nation's mourning. Lord Wolmer is the son of brilliant parents, the grandson of the late Marquess of Salisbury, and himself possessed of excellent talents.

KEYNOTES

WRITING a fortnight ago, I mentioned the depression that prevailed at Covent Garden, and expressed an opinion that it would continue throughout the season; but events proved the danger of prophecy. Before the lines were in print the opera-house had recovered its patrons, though they wear the habiliments of woe; though the auditorium bears an unwonted aspect, the attractions of the season's programme have proved irresistible, and "sold out" is once again the burden of the cry that awaits applicants who approach the box-office to seek accommodation in any part of the house when Destinn or Tetrazzini or Melba is to sing. Riccardo Martin and Zerola have added greatly to the strength of the company; the old cry that we lack tenors is not heard to-day. It would seem that many who shrink from the more flamboyant forms of amusement feel that they can delight their ears without offence to their conscience at Covent Garden, and only the royal box and the omnibus box, in which King Edward sat, are vacant now. The return of Mme. Melba evoked a rare enthusiasm, which was certainly justified.

We have heard three more examples of opera comique at His Majesty's, where, if the public gives Mr. Beecham the support he deserves, there should be no loss on the season, although the impresario speaks with strange resignation of dropping at least ten thousand pounds, if not more, as the reward of his thirteen weeks' experiment. Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," Edmond Missa's "Muguette," and Massenet's "Werther" are the works that have shared the programme lately, and they are re-

AN AMERICAN TENOR NEW TO COVENT GARDEN: MR. RICCARDO MARTIN AS PINKERTON IN "MADAMA BUTTERFLY."

Mr. Martin, who has made a great success at Covent Garden, in particular in "Madama Butterfly," was refused admission to the Conservatoire in Naples as a youth, and at the same time was told by a private teacher that only a miracle could cause his voice to develop sufficiently to sing in public. A doctor who saw him a few years ago declared that he had exceptional vocal organs, with the result that he took vocal exercises and so developed the voice that now stands him in such excellent stead.

Photograph by Mishkin.

presentative of opera comique in three of its varied forms. "Shamus O'Brien" is the composition of a scholarly Irish musician who has felt the dramatic worth of the story he has set to music, has introduced one or two popular melodies—"Father O'Flynn" being the best known—and has contrived to give his country folk a singularly appropriate setting, finding what seems to be a faithful expression in music of their moods. The work was worth reviving not only because it is fluent, melodious, and attractive, but because we have in our midst several talented Irish composers who may be stimulated to try their hand at opera with the aid of a libretto that is rather more up to date. Mr. Hamilton Harty, to name only one, has shown great capacity and notable skill in several works of purely Celtic inspiration. It is late in the day to write of individual performances, but nobody who has a spare evening should miss "Shamus O'Brien," if only to see Joseph O'Mara in the part he created when the opera was first produced. The season has brought forward no finer piece of work.

Missa's "Muguette," founded upon Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes," is very pretty and very commonplace; it stands halfway

between work like "The Barber of Bagdad" and "Hansel and Gretel," on the one side, and conventional musical comedy on the other, neither nearly as good as the former nor half as bad as the latter. With a company including Thomas Coates, Harry Dearth, and Ruth Vincent, "Muguette" is redeemed from insignificance; but it sounds like the effort of a man who has not found himself, who has "played the sedulous ape" to many of his contemporaries, including Puccini and the late Alexis Chabrier, whose "Le Roi Malgré Lui" revealed a promise that "Briseis" might have fulfilled had the composer been spared.

"Werther" shows Massenet in his most melodious mood, but not at his best. It is overflowing with sweetness, like a hive at swarming time; it is as impossible as a dinner composed entirely of entremets. The composer has done finer work, witness his "Jongleur de Notre Dame," that Mr. Beecham will perhaps revive for us in days to come; but Massenet knows his public, and "Werther" is second to nothing he has written in point of popularity. Before it "Thais," "Sapho," and "Manon" must bow diminished heads, while "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," perhaps the composer's most sincere effort, falls below all those named in point of popularity. It must be hard for a composer who has always sought to tickle the public ear to appeal to the public brain.

THE WELL-KNOWN PIANIST WHO HAS THE SAVING OF A NEPHEW OF THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN TO HIS CREDIT.

MR. ERNEST SCHELLING.

Mr. Schelling, the well-known pianist, who played recently at the Philharmonic Society's Concert, has the saving of a life to his credit. Some years ago, he was staying with the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and went for a sail with a nephew of the Duke's. A sudden squall upset the canoe in which they were, and with great difficulty Mr. Schelling rescued his companion.

Next week we are to hear a "Mozart Festival" at His Majesty's; and "Feuersnot," by Dr. Richard Strauss, doubtless in a slightly bowdlerised

version, will be presented at the end of the month. Happily, the translator of the libretto will have an easier task than that which conferred such

measure of immortality as the dictionary can afford upon the late and unlamented Thomas Bowdler, whose sensitive soul was shocked by Shakespeare's plain speaking.

It is well to remember that Mr. Beecham's present effort is, on his own showing, no more than a tentative one. Before he can cater for the public with confidence he must find out what appeals most to his supporters. The present season is devoted to samples, and the public's selection will be revealed by the box-office. Yet a year or two and he will be master of his own opera-house, and will take to it such a programme as experience has proved popular. Suffice it that he has given fair field and no favour to work of the most varied description, that he himself has directed "Muguette" as carefully as he directed "Elektra," that every production has been given with scrupulous care and attention to detail. It will be seen that Mr. Beecham has not only to establish opera comique by presenting it under favourable conditions, he must also create an audience for it. Whence will that audience be recruited? Will it come from the slender ranks of opera-goers, or will it come from those on whom the banalities of musical comedy are beginning to pall?

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

A MOST GIFTED SOPRANO: MISS EDITH KIRKWOOD, WHO IS GIVING A RECITAL OF BRITISH SONGS AT THE AEOLIAN HALL.

The recital takes place on next Friday evening, the 10th, under most distinguished patronage. Miss Kirkwood (Mrs. Barry Neame), who is to sing old English, modern English, and Irish songs, as well as Herbert Bunning's new song cycle, "Roses and Rue," is of Irish lineage. She was born in Secunderabad, where her father, the late Surgeon-Major Kirkwood, of the Army Medical Staff, was serving. On her mother's side, she is the granddaughter of the late General Pottinger, C.B., R.A.



IN MISSA'S "MUGUETTE": MISS RUTH VINCENT IN THE NAME-PART OF THE OPERA FOUNDED ON OUIDA'S "TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

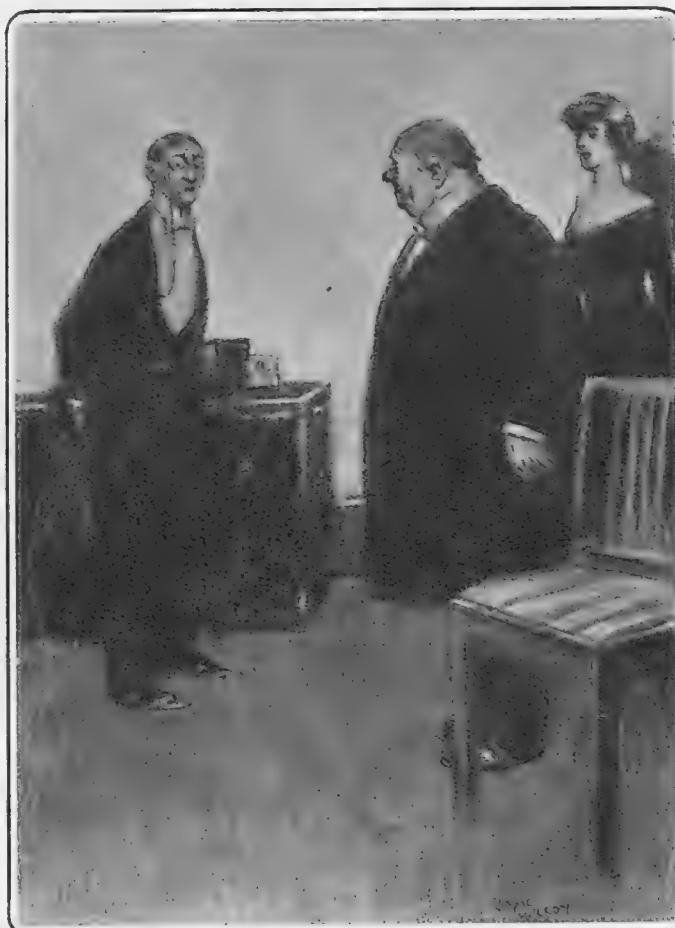


A COUPLE OF BRACE.



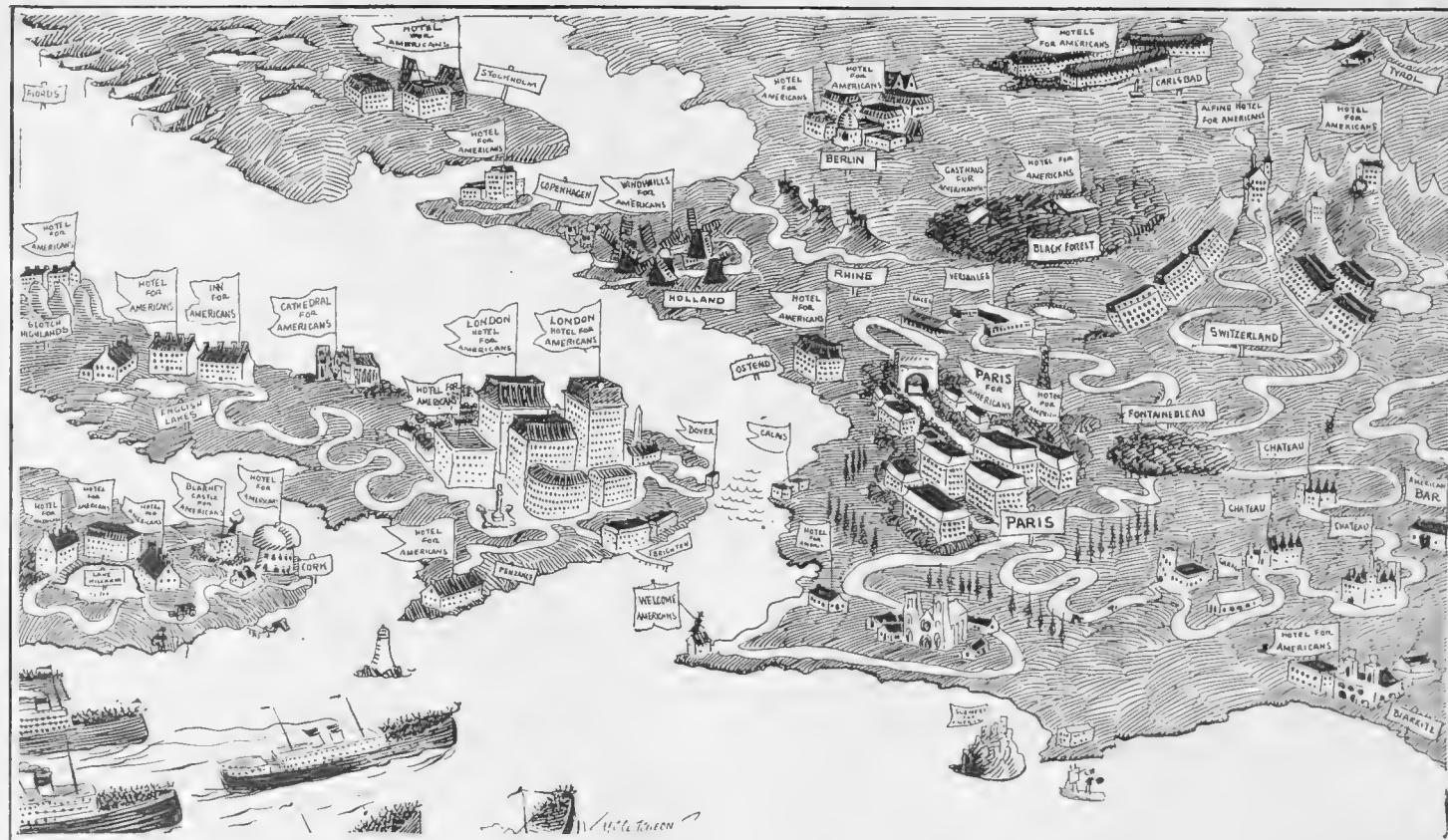
THE TELLER OF THE TALE (gazing in awe and wonder at the light seen through the slit in his umbrella, and mindful of many a "story" in the Press): Now, thatsh really must be the Comet.

DRAWN BY A. V. MOLLOY.

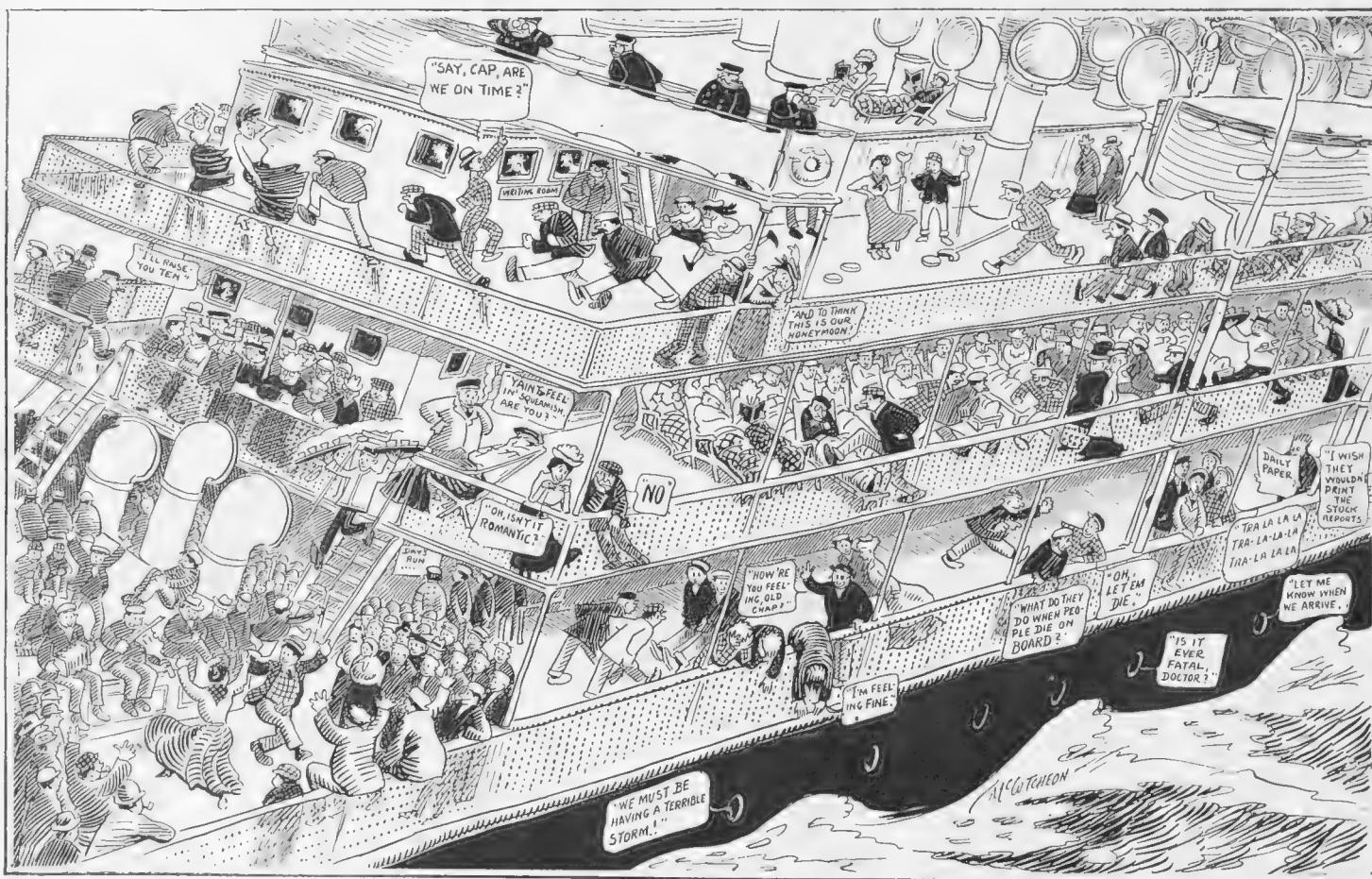


DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF EUROPE:
THE COMING OF SADIE AND JONATHAN.



EUROPE AS THE AMERICAN BELIEVES IT TO BE—BEFORE HE HAS BEEN THERE.



OVER THE BOUNDING WAVES: THE INVADERS ON THEIR WAY.

ARK, ARK, THE BEASTS LIE STARK:

DOC. THEO'S BEEN KNOCKING AROUND.



THE ANIMALS WENT DOWN TWO BY TWO: MR. ROOSEVELT AS THE MODERN NOAH.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

GREAT GHOSTS OF OXFORD.*

WISE in his generation and aware of its determination to avoid swallowing the professorial pill, plain or gilded, Mr. Francis Gribble has forbidden himself the easy luxury of the jejune journalism of the guide-book, and chatters pleasingly of men rather than of things, of doings rather than of dates. From the vasty deep of the years that were, he conjures up spirits of the famous dead, gives them substance and shadow, breathes into them that subtle something which is life. Of the living he speaks also; but it is of those who are brave memories that he has most to say. The great ghosts pass in the pageant that is Oxford. There is Shelley, expelled from University College, nominally for "contumacy in refusing to answer certain questions," really, in part, for his share in the production of the notorious "Necessity for Atheism," in greater measure because those set in authority were glad of an excuse to rid themselves of a "stinks man" who was for ever defying dons, ever a ringleader in fantastic pranks, were it charging his door-knob with electricity for the "shocking" of those who tried to open it, circulating his anonymous brochure with the "Compliments of Jeremiah Stukeley" in writing that was obviously his own, or snatching an infant from the arms of its mother, to ask, "Can your baby tell us anything about pre-existence, Madam?" Then Blayds of Balliol, who was afterwards to change his name to Calverley. Blayds, it is said, was taking ladies over the college, and wished to show them all the lions. "That," he said, pointing, "is the Master of Balliol's study window" — and he picked up a stone and threw it. The missile went crashing through the glass, and an angry countenance became visible, glaring through the aperture. "And that, I rather fancy," Blayds continued calmly, "is the Master of Balliol himself." Sir Henry Savile comes on the scene, too, to found the Professorships of Geometry and Astronomy, "in order that the multitude might no longer think that the most useful branches of Mathematicks were spells, and her professors limbs of the devil." Also Whately, later Archbishop of Dublin, the least donnish of dons. "It is related that, when there were holes in his archiepiscopal silk stockings, he neither bought new ones nor sent the old ones to be mended, but tried to conceal the deficiencies by affixing black sticking-plaster to his calves.

Almost as conspicuous in his disregard of the conventions is Walter Pater. His was "an ugliness so extreme that it excited the sympathetic attention of his friends, who formed themselves into a Committee to Consider what Could be Done for the Improvement

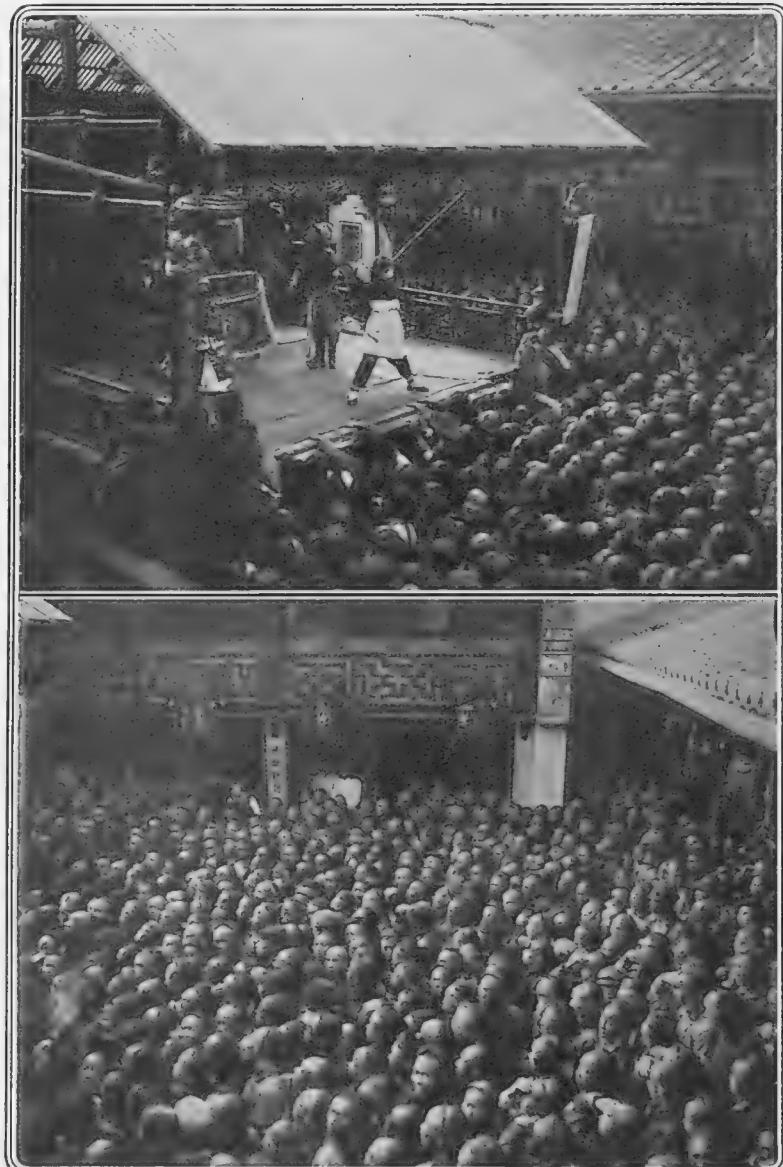
of Pater's Personal Appearance. . . . What was wanted, it was agreed, was an irremovable addition to his features; and the Committee, after taking all available evidence, reported in favour of a moustache. The moustache, when ultimately grown, was at least a palliative." Pater "acquired, according to Mr. Edmund Gosse, the aspect of a benevolent dragon." Oscar Wilde came in for at least one "ragging," of a different type, but he was ragged in vain.

"On one occasion eight stalwart Philistines bound him with ropes and trailed him along the ground to the top of a hill. Instead of losing his temper, he expressed himself as lost in admiration of the view. After that it seems to have been felt that he had earned his right to be eccentric." It is probable that Dr. Kettell, had he been of the same period, instead of that of Charles I., would have discouraged him as he did those who wore their hair long in imitation of the Cavaliers. "He went about with a pair of scissors for the purpose of cutting men's hair when he found it offensively long; and when he happened not to have his scissors with him, he used a knife."

So they are seen, men whose names live after them. And there are numerous others of many periods and natures—Sir Thomas Bodley; Lord Randolph Churchill, who left Oxford knowing so much that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer confronted with decimal fractions, "he had to send for a permanent official to tell him the meaning of those d—d dots"; Froude, R. D. Blackmore, William Morris, nicknamed "Topsy," on account of his woolly, uncombed hair; Burne-Jones; Swinburne of Balliol; Cecil Rhodes, Wyclif, Shuttleworth, so ardent an opponent of the Ritualists that "his death was saluted by Pusey as a visible token of God's presence in the Church of England." With them, Beau Nash, King of Bath; Wesley; Dr. Routh,

who died in 1854, and was famous for wearing a wig, which, after his death, was sent to the Knaresborough Well to be petrified and so preserved; Charles Reade, who thought so highly of the college cook that "when in London, he often had his dinner cooked at Magdalen and sent up to town in a set of silver dishes; Dr. Fell, known to the world by reason of the rhyme that begins, "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell"; Richard Burton; Dr. Johnson, so poor that he gave up going to his friend Taylor to get Bateman's lectures second-hand, because his shoes were worn out and his feet appeared through them; Samuel Foote, the comedian; De Quincey, who first experienced the dangerous joys of opium when at Worcester, taking the drug as a remedy for neuralgia.

With them, again, many another great ghost, many a figure that is a phase of Oxford, a strange, motley company of men who made a mark on the world of their day, and, dead, still live.



THE STAGE AND THE STALLS: AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE IN CHINA,
AND THE AUDIENCE.

What it Feels Like—

II.—TO BE GOOGLIED.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

E. GROGAN

THE DUKE'S EXPERIMENT.

By WALTER

THE Duke of Clapton was thoughtful. A surfeit of Welsh oratory—frequently as indigestible as the rarebit of that country—had rendered him thoughtful. He sat in his dressing-room, patiently enduring the ministrations of his man Sims, a slim, sallow, silent, negative-looking man.

"Sims," he said, addressing him, "do the people really think we are like that?" He nodded at a fallen *Star*.

"Undoubtedly, your Grace," Sims answered, with conviction.

The Duke of Clapton opened his mild blue eyes very widely.

"What a wonderful faith they must possess! I know now why kings refer to their faithful people. They are indeed faith full. But so mistaken." His Grace shook his head sadly. "By the way, what are you, Sims?"

Sims was disconcerted for a moment. He had for so long been in the habit of leaving his individuality outside the ducal walls that a personal question confounded him.

"I am the best valet in London, your Grace," he replied modestly.

"Yes, yes, I know. It is a terrible fact to contemplate. But I did not mean that. When you think—if you ever do—to what political creed do you lean?"

"I am a Socialist," Sims answered firmly.

"Really? How interesting! Why?" His Grace appeared to be almost pleased.

"Your Grace, I am your valet."

"Ah, yes, I see. Having known me more or less intimately, you wish to be my equal."

"You do not blame me, your Grace?" Sims insinuated.

"Blame you, Sims? How little you know me! I think every man should cherish an ideal. The higher and more unattainable it is, the better. It keeps them occupied and changes nothing. Your opinions are firmly rooted?" A trace of anxiety was in his Grace's voice.

"Quite, your Grace."

"Admirable. You believe that all men should be equal?"

"Your Grace, Darwin has proved—"

"Ah, yes. The monkey idea. But so many men one meets seem to suggest a nearer descent from asses, which rather confuses the sequence of links. . . . You are quite sure that you are convinced?"

"Absolutely."

"Glorious! Do you know, Sims, I have an idea. The people—these dear things who squander ha'pence upon an imaginative Press—appear to have a rooted aversion to a Duke. Why? Because they don't know one. I cannot very well invite the people here—there are so many little things I am quite fond of—but I can go to them. I can show them a Duke. I can let them study a Duke, see for themselves that I am neither a serpent of unholy wisdom and craft nor a congenital idiot (they appear to be a little hazy as to which characteristics are the hall-marks of our rank), but a sane, thoughtful, kindly, shrewd, clever man." The Duke smiled urbanely.

"Your Grace will show them all that!" Sims exclaimed, in quite human astonishment.

"Yes. In Tooting—not even Upper—but merely Tooting. I shall become a grocer. I will show these people that any class, rank, or trade I adopt I must become. I have chosen Tooting because I have always been fascinated by the name. You will come with me, Sims."

"I, your Grace!" Sims dropped a hair-brush for the first time for twelve years. "Do I understand that your Grace will be a common grocer?"

"Not common, Sims. Never common." The Duke rebuked his man with a kindly air.

"An ordinary grocer, your Grace?"

"Tut tut, Sims. Can I possibly be an ordinary anything?"

"A grocer who sells over a counter?" Sims persisted; the man emerging more and more from the mere valet.

"Ah, that. Yes. Rice and books and all that."

"And books?"

"I shall be a modern and very up-to-date grocer, Sims. It is remarkable what things a grocer does sell nowadays. And," his Grace added pensively, "so many of the novels of the day are of the grosser sort."

"I cannot come with you, your Grace," Sims said firmly.

"Cannot?" The Duke betrayed sheer astonishment. "Why?"

E. GROGAN.

"I have to consider my dignity. A grocer wears an apron," Sims announced, in a shocked voice.

"Does he?" said the Duke, reaching for a note-book. "I'll make a note of that. But as to your dignity, Sims—you are a Socialist."

"Theoretically, your Grace." He folded a waistcoat in a dignified manner. "My Socialism is quite of the best type. I share it with some really successful authors. I am not the sort of man, your Grace, to permit my principles to prejudice my position. I object to prejudice. I believe in equality of man, but it is the higher equality of man—the equality measured with the higher, not the lower position. I believe in levelling up, not down. I decline to decline to an apron."

"But what's an apron?" demanded the Duke. "Come, now, what's an apron? Even Bishops wear 'em."

"A grocer's apron is stuff, your Grace, and your proposition is stuff and nonsense." Sims brushed the Duke's hair relentlessly. "You seek to shatter the people's firmest convictions. You ask me, a Socialist of the most violently theoretical nature, to assist you in that fell purpose. I cannot do it. Who am I to take away the faith that exists in my fellow-man? If you prove that a Duke is neither super-idiot nor super-fiend, nor even supercilious, but man, you bring ruin to many an honest working man's club, and destroy the debating powers of many earnest and easy-wage-earning delegates. You seek to aim a blow at the Constitution—possibly not the entire British, but at least three-fourths of the British—the Welsh, Scotch, and Irish. You would bar the progress of many ambitious, but briefless barristers, who laudably look forward to making ducal disparagement the stepping-stone to ducal rulership from the Woolsack. It is far too radical a suggestion for a convicted—I mean convinced Socialist to entertain."

"You are determined, Sims?" asked the Duke.

"Fixedly," Sims said, waxing his Grace's moustache.

"Then I must go alone," the Duke of Clapton asserted.

A week later Tooting was shaken to its social foundations. A small shop, which had died twice recently, as a sixpenny-half-penny bazaar and a "modes and robes" respectively—many local inhabitants had regarded the latter as a frivolous excursion into poetry—had been refitted, stocked, and opened with a new gold-leaved inscription running—"The Duke of Clapton. General Grocer."

It was a small shop in a mean street, and not so much as one free and enlightened voter paraded the streets with its sandwich-board announcement; but, for all that, it did not lack advertisement. It was the one topic of conversation. Long before the opening day—ever since the completion of the gold-leaf lettering—Tooting placed complete faith in the absolute bona fides of the new grocer. The local estate agents became gay and joyous. A sceptic in the bar-parlour of The King's Crown raised a doubting voice, but was denounced as unpatriotic.

"I've heard Tichborne, and an organ-grinder, but they weren't the real stuff," he said sadly. "This here Duke's a quack, that's what he is. What with music-hall turns calling themselves doctors, and circus men being christened Lords, it's a world of hollow shams."

It was the fully licensed man himself who rebuked him.

"He's a Duke right enough, Smith," he said pompously. "He's doing it for the sake of charity. A lot of the Peerage are taken up with charity one way or another. I allow that at the first I thought it might be a teetotal public-house—all sandwiches and minerals—being misled by the name. But now I know. Why?—because I do. And it will be the making of Tooting. Property'll go up—I've got a bit myself. I don't hold with Dukes as a rule, but a Tooting Duke is different."

The sense of the bar-parlour was decidedly against Smith the sceptic.

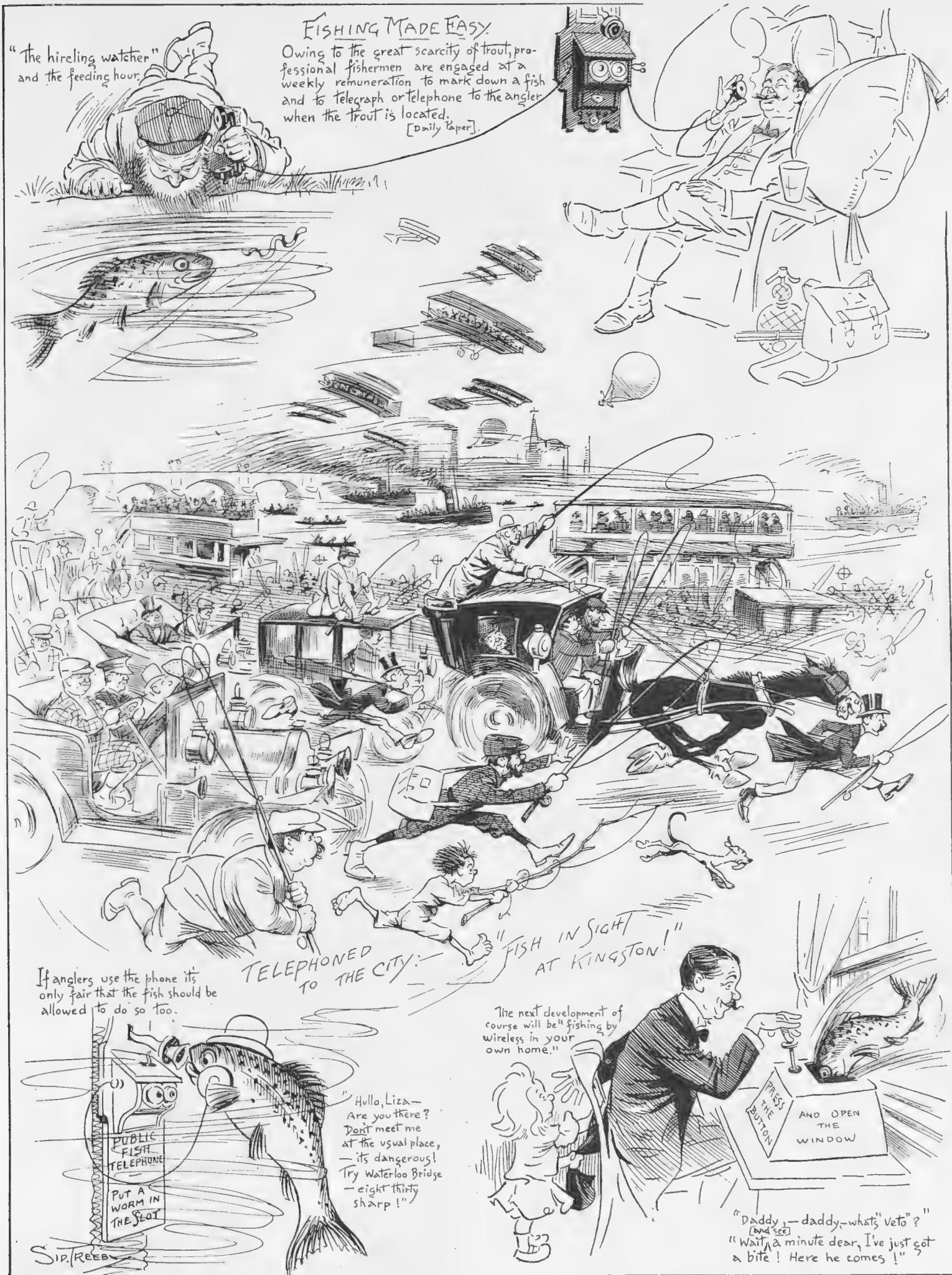
The *Morning Post* announced that the Duke of Clapton had left Berkeley Square for Tooting. It felt that it could not possibly be more explicit. The *Daily Mail* had a picturesque notice under the brilliant heading of "Duke as Dealer."

The Duke of Clapton, in his efforts at being quite up to date, besides stocking brushes and proprietary medicines, which all grocers do, had a book-counter where the latest fiction, which made even Victoria cross, was displayed.

"In my humble way," said his Grace to one of his assistants while he thoughtfully tied on an ample apron, "I hope to show

[Continued overleaf.]

"GIVE ME No. 1 TROUT, PLEASE": FISHING BY TELEPHONE.
SOME POSSIBILITIES OF THE LATEST IDEA FOR ANGLERS.



IF YOU'RE WAKING, CALL ME EARLY, WATCHER DEAR: ISAAC WALTON, NEW STYLE.

One of the dailies made an epoch-making announcement the other day. "Trout-fishing," it said, "... is a sport which requires a considerable amount of patience.... In the open waters professional fishermen are engaged to mark down a fish, and for this service are usually paid a weekly sum. Then, when a trout is noticed to move, the angler is telegraphed or telephoned for. The hour at which the fish feeds is noted, and the professional fisherman is ready with his punt to place the angler above the fish in the hope of securing it."

the people the sheer respectability of Dukes. Slowly I hope to make my way, and win even the respect of those whose Keir Hardiehood of invective has embittered the rest of the most somnolent of my order, as an honest, hard-working grocer. I do not expect to do this easily or quickly. At first I look for aloofness, for suspicion, for hatred, for revilement. I have often thought that, from ignorance, we are prone to misjudge. I myself have a firm conviction that the diplodocus was a fearsome beast, and I should be suspicious of it for quite a long time, however easily domesticated it might prove to be." The assistant stared, and then made an explosive noise which the Duke understood to be an assent.

"You yourself are a Socialist, Turch," said the Duke, looking at him in the kindly manner we peer through bars and iron netting at the Zoological Gardens.

Turch had considerable difficulty with speech, rather surprising in a gib debater. Possibly, debating in clubs where there was no opposition rendered him less adroit in an emergency.

"Not now, your Grace," he said.

The Duke regarded him with consternation.

"I—I stipulated that all my assistants should be Socialists," said the Duke. "The agent assured me that it was quite an easy matter. I am afraid, Turch——"

"I was a Socialist," Turch interposed quickly. "There can be no question of the absolute bona fides of my honourable friend—I beg your Grace's pardon," he continued confusedly, encountering the Duke's astounded eyes. "It's the usual way we speak at debating societies. I mean I was, but——"

"You are not now!" cried the Duke, with a gleam of comprehension.

"Not 'alf," Turch declared, winking solemnly.

"I beg your pardon!" murmured the Duke, fixing a monocle.

"What I mean is I'm not such a fool," said Turch. "I'm working for a Duke, speaking to him; I've handled the same currants, I've dusted down the counter on which his aristocratic 'ands are laid. D'you think I'd abolish Dukes now? See here, your Grace. I'm engaged to a girl whose father keeps a servant. He's a *clerk*—kind of professional man. Sits sometimes in the same office as the junior partner when they're busy. He's looked down on me, disconcerted our engagement. Well, that made me a Socialist. But now—— Why, I could look higher than the daughter of a *clerk* in a five-roomed house in Camden Town if I wanted to. Not that I do. Ernestine is good enough for me. But if I was for abolishing Dukes, what would be the good of knowing one?"

"This," said the bewildered Duke, "is a sudden conversion."

"I never had such arguments placed before me before, your Grace," Turch declared, his professionally shining face iridescent. "I can see a business now: 'Turch, late assistant to his Grace the Duke of Clapton, Knight of the Garter'—if Ernestine, who is a very modest and well-conducted young lady, will pardon the reference to a more or less obsolete article of feminine—er—dress."

"But your principles, your iron, honest, well-founded principles?" suggested the astonished Duke.

"You're my principal now," declared Turch. "What I mean is—Socialism is all right, if you can't do better. That's my opinion."

"I am glad, Turch, to find that I have convinced you," the Duke exclaimed enthusiastically, glancing round the shop to see that the other revolutionary Socialists were in readiness for the momentous opening of the doors.

"It is not so much your Grace who has convinced me," Turch replied thoughtfully, "as circumstances. Circs. rule the political roast. Here we have the circs. of a business asset. You are my business asset. There is not a suburban middle-class lady who would not rush to be served by the man who served with a Duke."

"Then it is not my urbanity?" the Duke asked, a little crest-fallen.

"No. For sheer affability you are not in it with a town traveller for an inferior firm. But you *are* a Duke. That's the point."

"That's a title to your respect?" the Duke demanded. "You feel that? I am glad. I was afraid that it would take a very long time to eradicate your objections to rank. I have noticed with some gratification that my other assistants—Socialists of the most clubbable class—are particularly pleased with my coroneted pats of butter. One dear fellow—a vitriolic speaker, I am assured—has, in a moment of enthusiasm, lettered a large card 'Our Ducal Dutch' for the cheese-counter. Now, I think we had better open the doors." His Grace glanced towards the windows and started. "Turch, do you smell anything?" he cried in alarm.

"Nothing beyond the Roquefort. It gives nothing else a chance, your Grace."

"No smoke?"

"No, no, your Grace."

"Then the fire is not here?"

"What fire?"

"Look at the crowd outside! It must be a fire—or Punch-and-Judy."

Outside the closed doors of the Duke of Clapton's shop was a crowd—dense, compact, swaying, heaving, restless, excited. It was largely a feminine crowd. It was for the most part well dressed, in

the fashions of last season, as found in the most up-to-date suburban emporiums. French straws from Luton tossed wildly like a turbulent sea, while motor-veils—useful in these days of occasional taxi-cabs—were rent in all directions.

Turch regarded the strenuous mass of faces impassively.

"We shall be busy, your Grace. Those are customers," he said quietly.

"Customers!" cried the Duke. "But this is Tooting—the Duke-hating suburb! 'We want no Dukes!' is its favourite cry. Why are these people coming to my shop?"

"There is no woman who has a 'day,' or who knows someone whose 'day' she can attend, who will not move heaven, earth, or other women to be served by your Grace. We had better open the doors, your Grace, or there will be mischief. I will telephone for the ambulance to be in attendance. Ah! did you see that constable?"

"His face is all scarred and bleeding," said the Duke pityingly. "Poor chap! He has had to remove a violent prisoner, I fear."

"He is trying to regulate the traffic, your Grace."

"But the scars?"

"Hat-pins," Turch vouchsafed laconically.

The doors were opened, and as much of the crowd as could wedge itself into the shop wedged. The Duke, young, passably good-looking, and monocled, stared over his counter into the hydra-headed crowd. It seemed to him all eyes and most strangely tongueless. It beamed and blushed, but did not speak. It took no notice of the ducal assistants. It made no demands for cheese-tasting, as it generally did when buying rice or apple-rings. It ogled and blinked and breathed heavily and stared. Above all, it stared. And the assistants bleated an unanswered chorus of "Are you being attended to, Madam?" The crowd left them unnoticed.

Turch prompted his unprompted principal.

"Say 'What can I do for you, Madam?' your Grace," he murmured, sotto voce.

"What can I do for you, Madam?" his Grace dutifully inquired.

The remark addressed indifferently to the crowd caused a sensation. There was a quaint rustling ripple which suggested that, given more room, the crowd would have dropped a general curtsey. So compact was the crowd, however, that it was impossible to drop anything.

One woman—she was a militant Suffragette, but otherwise of a blameless character—found her voice.

"If you Grace would not mind—biscuits," she said breathlessly.

After that they all found their voices. They roared at him, whispered, coaxed, beguiled, clamoured, persuaded. They poured upon him their names and addresses. They would have none of the assistants—they would be served by the Duke alone. Turch stood near him, handing him carefully sharpened pencils.

At twelve o'clock, prompted by Turch, the Duke said sadly, "We have sold out of sausages."

The young lady who had ordered a pound blushed painfully. Her request had been inconsiderate. She felt that. She ought to have known that no ordinary stock of that commodity could have outlasted so enormous a demand.

"I am so sorry, your Grace," she cried. "I ought to have known. It is of no consequence. Send sugar instead, please."

"Do you really need it?" asked the perplexed Duke. It seemed strange to him that a person requiring sausages could be appeased with sugar.

"How sweet!" giggled the young lady, embarrassed and delighted with what appeared to be a compliment much in favour in suburban circles.

"Er—I don't quite know the exact extent—Turch, how sweet is our sugar?" said the wondering Duke.

The young lady had been slowly but strongly forced away from the counter by pressure of public opinion, and for the glorification of her life lost the Duke's remark.

When the shutters were put up that evening, with the aid of a strong detachment of police, the Duke questioned Turch:

"What will happen to tomorrow?"

"The same thing."

"The day after?"

"The same thing."

"When will they tire?"

"They will never tire. No person of the lower middle classes ever tires of a Duke."

"Then we are not unpopular as a class?"

Turch adopted an Irish method in answering this question. He asked another.

"What does your Grace think?"

That night the Duke of Clapton entered the smoking-room of the Shires Club very wearily. He sat down heavily in a comfortably upholstered chair. The Marquess of Ilwick, tall, thin, and tawny, crossed over to him.

"Gad, Clapton," he said, "we're growing more unpopular than ever! Look at this!" He hit a paper angrily.

"Let us thank God for that," said his Grace. "One can be a damned sight too popular! Popularity palls."

"Turch, late the Duke of Clapton," is a prosperous establishment. Ernestine has a collection of stumpy pencils mounted on plush in her drawing-room.

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

MRS. ROOSEVELT has won golden opinions in London. She is a type of the American woman who receives the full attention and confidence of her husband without seeming to seek either, and without claiming one jot of participation in his public affairs. I do not say that she does not participate: it is her manner that I speak of. That she keeps a critical eye on certain of the rougher facets of the Rooseveltian character is not unknown. When it was observed that Mr. Roosevelt, in his book on his Cuban experiences during the war, seemed always to have been present when anything daring, crucial, or picturesque was going forward, Mr. Dooley composed a satire, called "Alone in Cuba." All Americans, and Mrs. Roosevelt, enjoyed that satire, and a

copy of it was kept always at hand in the President's study at Oyster Bay for immediate use if his robust egoism ever led him to get "too gay" in the recounting of his own prowess.

The Waiter's Thumb.

TO MARRY Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE THIS MONTH: MR. FRANK ISITT.

As we note under our page photograph of Mlle. Genée, Mr. Isitt has known his future bride for a number of years. The wedding is to take place at All Saints', Margaret Street, on Saturday.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

That Mr. Roosevelt was the first President to invite a negro to his table in the White House has not, one may suppose, been forgotten by anybody in the small multitude that has sat down to dinner with him in London. Mr. Roosevelt has himself been quoting the jocular American philosopher on the incident. "For meself," he said, "I would as soon sit down with a coon as have one wait on me. If there must be a thumb in the soup, lave it be a white one."

A Meal of Many Stories. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth is in some aspects the most typically American of our visitors from the States. She is full of the

IN ENGLAND WITH HER FATHER—THEODORE THE SPEECHMAKER: MRS. LONGWORTH.

talk that enlivens a dinner-party with a succession of small surprises. She was not, however, the lady who, when asked why she left her soup untouched, answered—"I never build on a swamp."

The Disap-pointing Beasts. Mr. Roosevelt is at once the most popular and the most criticised man in the States, and before he left for his African tour the farewell praises of his countrymen were threaded with some shrewd strands of disfavour. A speaker at a dinner in Washington at which had been given some account of the ex-President's sporting programme rose and observed as a conclusion to the feast, "Washington expects every lion to do its duty."

Mr. Bryan in England.

The presence of an ex-President has overshadowed the visit to these shores of an ex-Presidential candidate. But Mr. Bryan is a great man, and, above all things, a great speechmaker. It was on the wave of a powerful, sweeping phrase that he found himself making for the White House in rivalry with Roosevelt. The description of his speeches as "like the Platte River—a thousand miles long and six inches deep," is itself shallow enough, but it has, at any rate, made Mr. Bryan smile.

June Brides.

It is, and is to be, a season of brilliant brides. To-day, Miss Margaretta Drexel helps to smile away the gloom of the past months, and

22, Grosvenor Square is alight with the galaxy of the diamonds that constitute one of the chief features of her presents.

On the 21st,

Miss Mildred Carter's mar-

riage with Viscount

Acheson will

rival all

others of the season in half-subdued magnificence. It had promised at one time to be distinguished above all such functions, as it had been the late King's intention to attend with Queen Alexandra. On the 20th, Lord and Lady Selborne, having seen to the nuptials of their son, will attend the marriage of Miss Claire Stopford and Mr. Douglas Malcolm. Winifred Lady Arran, the bride's mother, is busy with preparations in Grosvenor Place. Carlton

THE FIRST PEER CREATED BY KING GEORGE:
SIR J. H. DE VILLIERS.

The King conferred the dignity of a Baron of the United Kingdom upon Sir John Henry de Villiers, on the occasion of the establishment of the Union of South Africa. The honour is a fitting recognition of Sir Henry's part in bringing about the

Union.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

House Terrace will come as near as possible to the full measure of gaiety to-morrow, when Lady Grace Ridley's and

Ridley holds the reception after Miss

Grace Ridley's and

Lord Wolmer's wed-

ding. The brides-

maids will form a

charming bevy,

ranging from the

small nieces of the

young bride and

groom to their

cousins, who will

more exactly match

them in years and

growth. A wedding

is the single occasion

on which many of

the most scrupulous

observers of form

relax the severity of

mourning apparel.

The superstition that

exists in regard to

the wearing of

black at a marriage

ceremony will not

convince all Lady

Ridley's guests that

colours are permitted

to-morrow, but

many people, out of

compliment to the

bride and the oc-

casional, will be par-

ticularly joyful in their

robes and ribbons.



THE DISTAFF SIDE: MISS ETHEL ROOSEVELT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



THE DOUGHTY SIDE: MR. KERMIT ROOSEVELT, SON OF THE EX-PRESIDENT.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



By HENRY LEACH.

The L.G.U. Being about to go on a long golfing journey northwards, I hesitated upon the subject of some nice book-reading for the train. By the kind courtesy of Miss Issette Pearson, the editor, there had just come the new edition of the "Ladies' Golf Union Year-Book," with more than eight hundred pages full of the most wonderful facts and statistics, and that had it. I put it in the hand-bag, and by the time we were going through Rugby I was realising that this ladies' golf is a vastly bigger and more beautifully arranged thing than the man golfer who does not go behind the scenes of it imagines. Though they commonly play on men's courses, they arrange their own pars,



WINNER OF THE FIFTH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP OF FRANCE: JAMES BRAID.

James Braid is the third to hold the title Open Champion of France. J. H. Taylor and Arnaud Massy have each held the championship twice. Braid's total was 298; that of Massy, who was second, 300.

Photograph by Sport and General.

have their championship on different courses every year, they have inter-county tournaments, and all the other things which the more radical section of male golfers think that their own game should have, but which the opposing party are set hard against. At the present time the ladies are having a great argument among themselves as to whether those who are selected to play in county matches should have their expenses paid for them. Some friendly males of high authority have suggested that such payment would injure the amateur status of the players concerned; but there seems to be a balance of feeling in favour of it, for all that. Hence some nasty men critics are murmuring "Professionalism!" The ladies, however, have shown the most absolute independence and indifference to the criticisms of others in the management of their own affairs, and there is no doubt that they are very happy and successful, which is the chief thing.

Club Colours. Anyone who would realise the persistency and enthusiasm of the lady golfer should see her at it at the Mid-Surrey Club, where there is a special ladies' course, and a very good one. When Taylor, the champion, is at home at Richmond, his time is almost entirely taken up in coaching these ladies, and probably there is more play by the sex on this course than on any other, although the Mid-Surrey Club is not affiliated to the L.G.U. The ladies play there in all kinds of weather, often when the men feel it is much nicer and more comfortable to sit in the smoke-room, or make an examination of all the old clubs in their lockers. But to make this realisation of feminine golf in any way complete, this Year-Book of the Union must be studied. It is the most wonderful thing of its kind in existence, and its compilation reflects enormous credit upon the Union's secretary, Miss Pearson, for her organising power. I am

told that the Union now represents more than 30,000 lady golfers! Here we have their names and addresses, their handicaps, their chief officials, and as much about them and their clubs as it is necessary to know. Men do not come into the business at all except as trustees for the Union, and as vice-presidents. The president is Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who is the captain of the Sunningdale ladies' club. A little matter of which men golfers are not fully aware is that most of the ladies' clubs have colours of their own. Distinctive colours and badges for men's clubs are dying out, and nowadays you seldom see monograms or arms or anything of that kind on the pockets of special blue jackets, as was a fashion set by some clubs when the old red jackets were tabooed. But the ladies have their special colours, and, as we might suppose, very nice colours they are, and in a rich variety. Thus I turn up Littlestone, and I find the club colours are "Green, salmon-pink, and white." The Royal Portrush Club, to which the great Hezlet lady golfers belong, has as its colours "Scarlet coat and ulster, blue collar with shamrock badge"; at the Hastings and St. Leonard's club, the colours are: "Red, white, and blue hat-bands and ties; red coats, dark-blue facings"; at Scarborough they are "Green, with white shirts and silver club buttons," and so on.



THE GOLFER WHO BEAT MR. ROBERT MAXWELL IN THE FIRST ROUND OF THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. H. M. CAIRNES.

The sensation of the first day's play for the Amateur Golf Championship was the defeat of the holder, Mr. Maxwell, who was beaten by Mr. H. M. Cairnes by 2 and 1. Mr. Cairnes, it may be remarked, is winner of the Irish Native Championship, has been twice runner-up in the Irish Open, and has figured notably as a gentleman jockey.

Photograph by Topical.

play on that course are taken. The better one of the two is doubled, and the average of these three sets of figures is arrived at. The difference between this average and the par of the course is the player's handicap. Thus, if her two best scores are 75 and 81, then two 75's and the 81 are added and divided by three, giving us 77 as the average. Then, if the par of the course is 72, the handicap is 5. This system needs thinking about for a little while for its full meaning and excellence to be realised.



SECOND OF THE FRENCHMEN IN THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP OF FRANCE: JEAN GASSIAT.

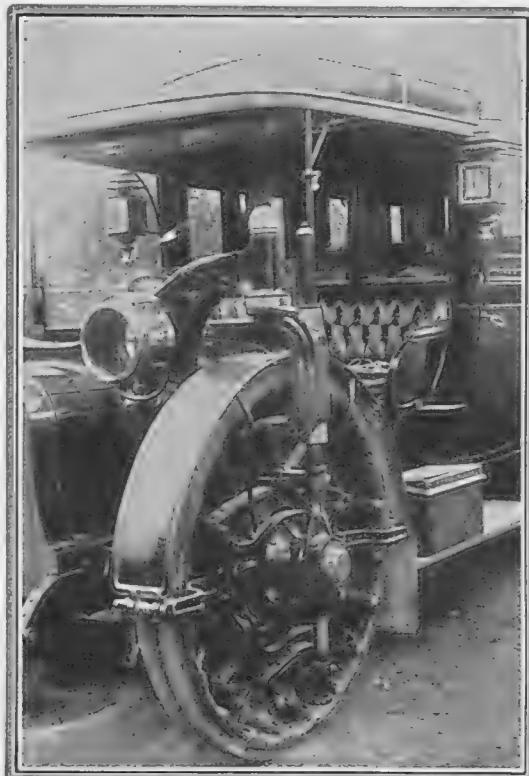
Jean Gassiat, of Chantilly, was second of the Frenchmen in the Open Championship of France, with a total of 305, and finished fourth of all competitors. The next of the home players, L. Tellier, of La Boule, was fourteenth.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Care of Lamps. Side-lights, when paraffin-oil is the illuminant, often give trouble, though they be lamps of the best. It is, of course, absolutely necessary to keep these lamps quite clean as to the burner and the various orifices provided for the supply of air to the flame. Also, the wick should be frequently renewed, as, in its capillary travel up the wick, the oil deposits certain gummy substances, which frequently obstruct its course to a greater or less extent. Moreover, in extinguishing paraffin-lamps the wicks should not be turned down, but the flame should be just blown out, and nothing more. When lighting up, the butt-end of the match should be rubbed across the burner to remove the carbonised portion of the wick; and, after ignition, the wick should be turned up sufficiently to give a good-sized flame without smoking.

The Most Trapped District. The people of Lytham, St. Anne's, and Blackpool are crying out at the effect of the unnecessary and persistent police trapping which goes on in Lancashire, and bars the motorist's way to those delectable seaside resorts. The *Lytham Standard* has of late been very emphatic on the subject, and advances the statements of many of the tradespeople affected. In discussing the matter with hotel proprietors, the *Lytham Standard* man learnt that, owing to police traps, the number of motorists who had deserted that district were to be counted by hundreds. The *Lytham Standard* goes on to say, "The *Autocar* publishes a map which blacks out this district as the most 'trapped' in England, and as one to be avoided. This is indeed a grave matter, and its effect, as we have stated, is being seriously felt."

Further Stepney Simplification. No accessory has come into more general use than the Stepney spare wheel, although in the beginning it did not at once appeal to the motorist who concerned himself technically with the economy of his car. He feared that the side-strain which would be thrown on the axle, by reason of the overhang, would be too much for it and that the original fastenings would not prove too secure. But, like so many compromises, it was found to work exceedingly well, and motor-cab proprietors were extremely glad to avail themselves of it. Indeed, it may be said to have made the motor-cab possible for everyday use, seeing that it removed the fear of the delay from puncture from the public mind. The Stepney spare wheel has frequently been improved in detail since then. The narrow channel-rim and extending wedge-grips were great advances, but now the company have gone a step further—have done away with the channel-rim and have fitted the wheel with quickly adjustable clamps, by which it is safely secured to the inside of the rim of the wheel proper.



THE BERLIN OF TO-DAY—ITS STRONGLY BUILT WHEEL WITH SHOCK-ABSORBER.

A Noiseless Fan.

While so much consideration and thought is given to the design of internal-combustion engines with a view to eliminating all noise, and emulating the silence of the electric motor, I have often marvelled to find so little attention given to the propeller-shaped fan employed to provoke forced draught through the radiator.

Not only is the fan mounted on light, quickly wearing bearings, but it is made of such flimsy material that in rotating the blades vibrate considerably, and give off almost as much noise as the motor. As an agreeable contrast I had my attention called the other day to the type of fan fitted to the 15-h.p. Napier engines, which, with its eight blades radiating from a solid centre, and stiff circumscribing tubular ring, cannot possibly break off or vary in pitch when running. The fan is riveted to a central boss of aluminium, which runs on two ball-bearings. The result of this thoughtful construction is the absolutely silent running of the fan.

Flight and Low Power.

With a machine which necessitates nothing more than a 9-h.p. engine by which to fly, it will be agreed that aviation is rapidly falling to the level of motor-cycling, and by the time the whole thing becomes a commercial proposition, if ever it does so, a practical aeroplane for one will not be much more expensive than a first-class motorcycle, like the Humber is to-day. Mr. Neale, an habitué of Brooklands, would appear to be pointing the way with his Neale aeroplane. This machine is practically a monoplane, with a biplane tail of curious design, and depends for its motive-power upon a 9-h.p. I.A.P. engine. The flights performed by Mr. Neale with this delicate confection only ran to some 200 to 400 yards; but the fact that a man with an aeroplane of such small dimensions could be raised off the ground is triumph enough for the moment.



THE TYPE OF VEHICLE LOUIS XVI. WOULD HAVE USED WHEN ESCAPING TO VARENNE, HAD THE MOTOR-CAR BEEN OF HIS DAY: THE LABOURDETTE BERLIN.

This remarkable motor-vehicle takes its name from the four-wheeled carriage (invented in the 17th century) in an example of which Louis XVI. escaped to Varennes. This received its name from the fact that it was first made in Berlin.—[Photographs by Royer.]

Schools or Flying Academies? or should they be termed Academies of Aviation?—do grow and multiply exceedingly. The latest to be noted has been established at Wallis Down, in the New Forest, by Mr. W. E. McArdle, who has graduated at Pau during the past winter. With Mr. McArdle is associated Mr. Armstrong Drexel, a pupil of Mr. Grahame-White, also at Pau. At the present moment there are no fewer than seven machines of the Blériot type at Wallis Down, so that pupils are not likely to be kept kicking their heels and waiting about for the next turn with the learning machine. The *Aero* gives illustrations of both Mr. McArdle and Mr. Armstrong Drexel flying high at Wallis Down on machines actually built at Bournemouth, though fitted with foreign motors.

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Race Patrons. The prediction of the downfall of the Turf has taken a long time in its fulfilment, and, as a matter of fact, the Sport of Kings is very strong at the present time. True, the royal mourning will keep many of the best patrons of racing from the sport for a long time to come, but the gates are still very large, which goes a long way towards proving that the sport has a great hold on the populace. King Edward's presence at a park meeting in the neighbourhood of London meant an increase of £1000 per day in the takings, which shows how royalty could draw a crowd even on to the racecourse. I am told that the boxes at Ascot have let well, and the applications for admission to the royal enclosure have been almost as numerous as usual. It has been overlooked by many that people who go in the royal enclosure have still to pay for tickets for the Grand Stand enclosure and for Tattersall's, so they help to swell the funds of the meeting. The cheap stand, too, has proved to be a very fine investment, as it is always crowded, thanks in the main to railway companies running down trains in the early mornings at reasonable fares. In my opinion, Ascot will not suffer this year to any appreciable extent, as London will be filled with Americans and others, who will most surely visit the Royal Heath. It is the one meeting of all the year that gives the foreigner a true impression of racing as it should be in England. The sport is good, although in some of the events the fields are small. The class of horses running is not to be beaten the world over, and it is hoped that both the Derby winner, Lemberg, and Neil Gow will be seen at the meeting.

Future Events. There is every prospect of a fine race for the Ascot Stakes this year, and the winner may take some finding. The Royal Hunt Cup will be a fine speculating medium. I am told that Duke Michael, who belongs to Mr. Reid Walker, is very likely to win. Mr. Walker captured the race with Dinneford when the followers of the Manton stable threw in for a big stake. Duke Michael is trained by College Leader at Hednesford. The Ascot Gold Cup will be well worth seeing, especially if the French horses run. It is an open affair on paper. A very big entry has been received for the Wokingham Stakes, but this race is best left alone until the Royal Hunt Cup has been run. The weight-for-age races at Ascot will yield well, and the two-year-old events may show us some smart youngsters. Of later races, the Northumberland Plate, to be run on June 23, will evoke plenty of interest in the North. The Grand Prix de Paris, to be run on June 26,

should take a number of Englishmen across the Channel, and no doubt the big event will create the usual interest. Indeed, speculation at Longchamp must be very heavy, as two thousand people are employed to look after the Pari-Mutuel alone, while there are several bookmakers doing business at the chief fixtures. The Eclipse Stakes, to be run at Sandown on July 15, will attract a large crowd to the Esher slopes, one of the prettiest places in England to watch sport from. The race this year will be above the average for excitement. The Liverpool Cup on July 22 can be relied on to give us a good show, and the Stewards' Cup, to be run at Goodwood on July 26, is certain to yield well. I am afraid the Goodwood Meeting will suffer this year through the absence of royalty. The St. Leger will be a great race, as the majority of the Derby runners are engaged. On the book, Lemberg has the best chance of winning.

Travel. The fact that Pullman trains are run to Epsom for the race-meetings is a sign of the times. The fact of the matter is that something has to be done to fight the motor traffic, and it may be that *travel de luxe* by train will attract many who now go to and from the course by motor-cars. It is worthy of note that the rolling-stock used for the Ascot traffic is of the very best. Any number of saloon-carriages are employed, and fairly fast travelling is indulged in. Further, every crossing between Waterloo and Ascot is carefully guarded by a lookout man, so that the chances of accident are minimised. The northern lines, by-the-by, employ fine saloon-carriages for all their cheap trips, which is an improvement on the South-country plan of using old stock on excursion trains. The time is not far distant when we shall be carried to and from all race-meetings at excursion rates, and this is one of the things worth agitating for. It would help to lessen the expenses attendant on racegoers and would add to the gates. The time has gone by to treat the ordinary racegoer as a man to be overcharged at every turn. Hotel-keepers, railway companies, and even cabmen will have to be brought to admit that the game does not pay, and even racecourse companies must not expect to get a pound a day as entrance-fee unless the sport is worth the money. There are any number of West-Enders who are driven to their clubs and have to back at starting-price simply because they cannot stand the heavy expenses attendant on going to the course.



WINNER OF THE DERBY IN THE RECORD TIME OF 2 MIN. 35 1-5 SEC.: MR. FAIRIE'S LEMBERG, BY CYLLENE—GALICIA.

Lemberg started favourite, the betting being 7 to 4 against.



OWNER OF THE WINNER OF THE GREAT DERBY: MR. FAIRIE (MR. A. COX) AT EPSOM.

Mr. Fairie, whose real name is Mr. A. Cox, has had the luck that proverbially belongs to fairies. To have bred two such racers as Bayardo and Lemberg from the same mare is in itself a thing to be remarked. Mr. Fairie acquired an interest in the famous Broken Hill Mine; hence his wealth.



THE RECORD DERBY: LEMBERG WINS IN 2 MINUTES 35 1-5 SECONDS.

Lemberg's time was better than that set up by Spearmint by 3-5ths of a second, and so created a new record. The winner was trained by Alec Taylor and ridden by B. Dillon. Lord Villiers' Greenback, ridden by F. Templeman, was second; Mr. A. P. Cunliffe's Charles O'Malley, S. Donoghue up, third; and Lord Rosebery's Neil Gow, the second favourite, fourth. The race was won by a neck. Two lengths divided the second and third.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Cult of the Russian Dancer. Late last season some Russian swallows came and took the town, but these dancing birds of passage did not make a terpsichorean summer, and we have had to wait till now to see the full beauty, grace, and charm—not to mention the extraordinary artistry—of dancing as it is practised in the Tsar's Empire. At the Hippodrome there is ballet on the grand scale, and we can now understand something of the feelings of our grandfathers, who were lured to the somewhat meretricious operas of the period because Cerito or Taglioni pirouetted through space in tulle skirts much as Mme. Olga Preobrazensky flies across the boards to-day. For these elaborate ballets famous composers did not disdain to write the music, hence the beautiful effects of "Le Lac des Cygnes," in which gestures and orchestration are wedded with such consummate art by the great Tchaikovsky. But the Russian ballet is distinguished above other European ballets by the skill and grace of the masculine dancers, than whom nothing more lightsome and joyous can be imagined. Mr. Maurice Baring has recently pointed out, in his "Landmarks of Russian Literature," the simplicity and gaiety of the Russian national character; and these traits are curiously in evidence in those masters of the art MM. Georges Kiakscht and Michael Mordkin.

Reaction in Russia. We are told by experts on Russian life that there is a regrettable reactionary movement, especially in the two capitals, consequent on the failure of the revolution and the disappearance of the high ideals which were connected with it. Novels, for instance, which up to 1905 would have been considered degrading in their tendencies, since they were frankly material and pessimistic, are now accepted as a new gospel of life. The young Russian woman of education and family took the revolutionary movement towards freedom with intense seriousness. She often gave up her life to the cause, and committed crimes which no other European girl would have had either the courage or the fanaticism to perpetrate. There have been hundreds of Slav Charlotte Cordays of whom the world has hardly heard, for it is the eternal tragedy of the Russian that his revolts are always ineffective. So Muscovite society, disappointed in its revolution, turns to trivial things or to things which amuse or please the eye. That this phase is merely transitory few can doubt who have any knowledge of the best type of Slav character, with its tendency towards a high idealism, and its real humanitarianism and sympathy with the toiling millions.

Co-operative Entertaining.

So useful has co-operation proved in farming, buying and selling, keeping house, and other activities that the principle has been widely and successfully applied to the art and craft of entertaining. For no one nowadays

sets out to give a ball with the paltry object of bidding their personal friends to dance and sup. These fêtes are organised by half-a-hundred hostesses, who all have monster dinner-parties for the occasion, and then bring on their guests to the house—more frequently the hotel—where the dance is to be had. The result is often that the hostess stands, a little bewildered, in the doorway, anxiously seeking for a friendly face which she really knows. She will have had, during the week preceding the ball, more than one offer from mere acquaintances to "bring on thirty people from a dinner," and these obliging proposals she will, if she is strong-minded, decline. Already she will be a wise hostess if she knows her own guests, for co-operative entertaining becomes an elastic affair and is prolific of *gaffes* which amuse the town for at least forty-eight hours afterwards. Social customs are not easily changed in a day, and there are old-fashioned people who regret the time when you entertained your own friends, and not other people's.

The Suffragettes of Always, it seems, has Republican Rome. woman been vainly demanding her rights, so that there were Roman Suffragettes clamouring at the doors of the Forum as early as the period of the Second Triumvirate. These ladies, says Mrs. Putnam in the *Contemporary Review*, having been heavily taxed to furnish the sinews of war against Brutus and Cassius, "forced their way" into the tribunal of the Triumvirs in the Forum—a thing no man durst do in those days—and made this apposite and pertinent speech: "Why should we pay taxes when we have no part in the honours, the commands, the statecraft for which you contend?" Like Mr. Asquith to-day, the Triumvirs were exceedingly angry, and "ordered the lictors to drive them away from the tribunal, until cries were raised by the multitude outside, when they desisted." The population of ancient Rome was more gallant, it would seem, than that of modern London, but, at any rate, the Triumvirate of that day, unlike our own, made considerable reductions in the taxes demanded of the ladies, so that by their audacity they achieved, to a certain extent, their end. Like the modern English or American woman, the Roman lady was not afraid of public speaking, and, exceedingly litigious, she frequently appeared in the law courts and defended her own case. So even in these outbursts of feminine unrest do we find how similar are the civilisations of the two greatest Empires the world has ever known.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING DRESS OF BLACK-AND-WHITE CHIFFON
EDGED AND STUDDED WITH JET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Oh, Ruddier than
the Cherry!

The fashionable lips are much ruddier than the ripest cherry. In Paris every second woman has them. Here a great many are following this fashion—not, as I think, a pretty one. Healthily red lips are, of course, a charm; but this exaggerated crimson is not beautiful. The make-up of the rest of the face now is rather white; rouge is used quite sparingly, but the size of the eyes is accentuated as much as possible. The effect is rather mask-like and uncanny, and is emphasised by our present sombre garb. When this vivid lip-colouring is well done, it is not pleasing to fastidious eyes; when badly done, the effect is clown-like. Certainly kissing must be out of fashion when the lips are in such bloom. Moustaches decorated with a patch of crimson would give their wearers away much too cheaply!

The Face Beautiful. Nature is what we want in the faces we admire. To keep Nature at her best, it is absolutely necessary to choose with great care what preparations to use. "Cimolite" face-powder has only a beneficial and healthful action on the skin. "Cimolite" violet-scented and unscented soaps are also excellent, being quite free from the caustic action common to so many soaps. The prepared Fuller's earth of this series of toilet preparations is of great value in cases of skin-blemish, and it is used extensively in British nurseries, including the royal ones.

Hot, Strong, and Fresh Anywhere. We women are scarcely more dependent on our tea than men. They would probably deny this soft impeachment at any hours of the day save breakfast-time and at 4.30 p.m. Now that this nation of shopkeepers has taken to moving briskly about at home and abroad, we can give a cordial welcome to the new model of the famous "En Route" tea-basket of Messrs. Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus. It is astonishingly light, and its very moderate cost is fifty shillings. For the small extra charge of two shillings a Thermal Sac is supplied, in which the kettle can be packed when it is required to keep it hot. With Drew's new Thermal Sac (provisional patent), tea poured off into the kettle can be kept quite hot for three, four, or five hours. These most useful things are made in three sizes, and they will fit any basket already supplied by the firm. They will not, however, do for any other make of basket. When motoring or travelling an "En Route" tea-basket is more a necessity than a luxury; with the Sac it is perfect.

Weddings Not All Black.

that the King, in the midst of all his business and trouble, was approached, and has, it is said, intimated that white, white and black, black and white, grey and mauve might be worn for these occasions. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were married very soon after the obsequies of Queen Victoria, and half-mourning was generally worn. The Queen and the

Queen-Mother, when they have attended weddings, as once or twice they did when in family mourning, have done so in grey or mauve. The Queen-Mother went to the wedding of the Hon. Robert and Lady Mary Ward during her mourning for her father, and went dressed in pearl-grey. There is a ridiculous attempt, in some unauthorised quarters, to dictate to the public about their dress at the present juncture. The people's own good taste and nice feeling were manifested even before any order was issued, and will be further manifested without printed directions from sources no better informed than themselves. It would never have occurred to anyone to dress for weddings as if for funerals. They are functions at which the wearing of black generally would be quite out of place. It would be as incongruous as for a bride to go to the altar attired in black.

Return Tickets to Mr. Grahame-White takes the Clouds.

passengers by aeroplane, but does he issue returns, or, like the Tube, does he only give singles? As there is no landing-place aloft, I suppose you make an aerial tour. It would be interesting to know what arrangements the lady who has paid for a hundred-pound aerial trip has made with the insurance companies. I should like to know, too, what she will wear, and if Mr. Grahame-White has considered what is to happen if she is air-sick and has a panic. We all know that when we have a bad attack of *mal-de-mer* we would cheerfully commit the whole steamer and its contents to Davy Jones's locker, for the relief it would bring to ourselves. Happily, we are

impotent in that matter; but an aeroplane is a fragile thing, which could easily be wrecked by a refractory passenger. Perhaps the hundred-pound passenger will be strapped down: rather a high price to pay for the privilege!

Graceful and Distinguished.

Black and white is ever a favourite combination, and next week it can be worn, and will be so, because women find it difficult to get any variety into all-black attire. On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a charming dress of white chiffon, with an overdress of black chiffon, edged with jet. The bodice is draped with jet-edged white chiffon, and the black underskirt and underbodice are studded with jet. As there was a rush a month ago for all black, so now women are ordering freely half-mourning frocks.

These admit of many delightful combinations, and are being exploited first at the weddings this week.

The Black Derby.

Men love black frocks; many of them have told me that they never saw the ladies look better than on the Derby Day. Black was worn by the principal women present quite unrelieved. There was some white, however, and, next to black, men love white. They are quite safe as colourists, if rather monotonous. Anything

very bright, except on quite young girls, always rather shocks a man until he becomes accustomed to it. It must have been a great shock to the amateur dictators as to correct mourning to find such knowledgeable people as Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, Lady de Trafford, the Countess of Essex, Lady Edith Villiers (the daughter of a Lord Chamberlain), and others equally conversant with the right thing, wearing satin. This, we were ponderously assured, was quite wrong: only dull materials could be considered correct.



THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH: THE CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. ROOSEVELT WHEN HE SPOKE AT THE GUILDFORD.

When Mr. Roosevelt visited the Guildford, and made his great speech on Egypt, a splendid gold casket containing the Freedom of the City was presented to him. The ladies on the lid are America and Britannia, holding their respective flags, while the bison and the lion suggest the hunter of big game. The casket was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street, W.



THE EASTERNMOST TOWN IN ENGLAND: LOWESTOFT, FROM THE PIER.

People walking on the pier at Lowestoft may reflect that the whole of England lies to the west of them, for Lowestoft, on the Suffolk coast, stands on the extreme eastern point of our island. It is therefore bound to get the best breezes of the North Sea. The East Coast is a paradise for golfers, yachtsmen, fishermen, artists, and all children, both great and small. The district is well served by the G.E.R., which has lately started a new restaurant-car service to Lowestoft and Yarmouth.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 27.

FOREIGN BOND INVESTMENTS.

FASHION shows sound sense in her continued partiality for Foreign Government bonds, the prices of which can be almost relied upon to remain steady, even though other markets are flat. There are three or four Argentine Government 5 per Cent. bonds obtainable at about 103½, and better investment than these can few men want. Cheaper still, because the name is not sufficiently attractive, are the 5 per Cent. bonds of the Port of Buenos Ayres. They stand at 101½, and, bearing the Argentine Government guarantee, are really better security than the Government bonds themselves, because they have the Port as well as the Government behind them. Then there are the new Chili Fives, which can be picked up at very little over the par price of 99. Alternatively, we would indicate the 5 per Cent. bonds, C Series, of the Chilean Transandine Railway. They are about 93, and carry the guarantee of the Chilean Government for twenty years—that is, until 1930. The length of time covered by the guarantee makes these bonds quite good enough security for the average man. And, speaking of security, the new Pernambuco Fives, obtainable for cash at their par price of 93½, are admirable, if the statements in the prospectus count for anything at all. Those bonds will go to 96 or 98, and are just the sort of thing that numbers of investors are searching for.

DOLDRUMS IN THE JUNGLE.

West African mining shares have descended to a depth of depression, as regards business, to which a parallel can be found only by going back several years in the history of that market. Prices have been much lower, and that, too, comparatively lately. In 1908 Gold Coast Amalgamated were 7s. 6d., Prestea Block "A" 6s. 6d., Fanti Consols a couple of shillings, and Ashanti Goldfields 4s. 6d. We don't suggest for a moment that these quotations are going to be reached again, because the condition of the gold-mining industry in West Africa is now very different from what it was in those days, before big South African houses had poured money like water into the principal propositions of the Gold Coast. But those people who speak as though the bottom were out of the market overlook the fact of prices even now being high: nothing like so high, of course, as they were at one time last year, but quite exalted enough when the condition of affairs is soberly considered.

WEST AFRICAN PROSPECTS.

Our own view is that the main source of strength to the discredited Jungle lies in the way that the industry has been taken up and financed by the big houses just mentioned. They don't do that kind of thing merely for fun. They have not made a tremendous lot out of the field up to the present. The times are unpropitious, and the reports from the various mines are only so-so. Wait a while, and see if that market is not taken in hand again. It is bound to be, and then will come the encouraging reports and the gold finds, and the ten-ounce stuff and the solemn declaration of your broker that "you can't buy a share, because everything's as good as gold." Only, mind you, this may require some little waiting for, and we know that only a few are gifted with the faculty for being a bull of patience.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

And to think that at this time last year we were all hard at work. Personally, I slept in City hotels several times last June—leaving the office in the small and early hours, as a good many others did. For the Kaffir-Rhodesian movement was in full swing. General business was waking up. Trade abounded in all the markets except the Consol, and the early rumbles of the Rubber boom began to make themselves heard.

Whereas now—

Oh, yes, I will come and coffee with you with pleasure. Play you a game of dominoes too, if you like. Business? Well, you see, most of the business consists in looking over, day after day, a long, long list of limits to sell Rubber and West African shares at prices considerably higher than those current in the market. There are, of course, exceptions even to this rule of limits, for some of the orders consist of commissions to buy—to buy certain Trust Companies' stocks, of which there are none in the market, nor likely to be unless a holder obligingly deceases. To buy, too, various foreign railway prior-charge that you can't get hold of for love or cash. What's the use of poring over the books to have these limits thrust under your nose every day? Come and play dominoes in Lyons', or chat demurely to the dainty maidens in a tea-shop of which I wot.

Still, this isn't business, and I suppose that unless I talk shop, the City Editor of this organ—good word, organ—will decline to hand over the half-crown which has got to keep me in lunches for the remainder of the month.

There is much irritated perplexity over the course of prices; much semi-indignant demanding as to why the markets are so dull and stupid. Well, after all, it isn't really surprising when one remembers how for four solid months we went at it simply ding-dong, hammer and tongs, chocolate for our lunch and champagne at dinner. The public can't possibly be expected to keep this pace going for long at a time. You'll remember, I daresay, how one paper frankly warned its readers that to expect the Rubber boom to continue to rush along at its then frantic pace, for any length of time, was to expect a physical impossibility. The turn came. Prices in the Rubber market got their first nasty jar in connection

with the Anglo-Dutch Company. Rushed up to 35s. premium, the shares slumped to 5s. premium on the action of the Dutch Government with respect to their technical rights in regard to land in Java. Following hard upon the heels of this very unlooked-for development came that clever Mincing Lane move when buyers boycotted one of the sales altogether. That seriously alarmed the speculators. It was in the penny-a-packet shares that the worst scare broke out, because some of them became practically unsaleable after standing at heavy premiums. The rout was intensified by the fixing of a few Special Settlements, by the Christineville incident, and one or two other minor factors. So far from helping other markets, as it was expected to do, the deflation of the Rubber boom tended to unsettle things generally. The shock of the King's death dried up the springs of speculation and investment alike. Nobody had any inclination to trouble about business through all that sad fortnight, nor was it to be supposed—as some supposed—that markets would recover all of a sudden when the acute pressure of the national mourning quietly relaxed after the funeral. Derby Week is always a slack time in the House, and this year it was marked by the violent Wall Street slump, which, again, worked for unsettlement. The fall in the Bank Rate was too generally expected to do any real good, and so we come to this present, with a nineteen-day account just ahead, and the dog-days after that.

Maybe you are saying to yourself that all this is highly platitudinous and perfectly patent. It is, of course; but from my own narrow experience it would appear that clients want, and like, these obvious factors to be presented to them, and accordingly I have dared to deal at some length with what, to a fellow-member of the House, will appear plain as moonshine.

Talking about the terribly sad event of last month, there has been a great row on the Stock Exchange Committee about the closing of the House so arbitrarily and peremptorily at nine o'clock on that sad Saturday morning. Such a method of procedure, it is quite safe to say, is never likely to be followed again. It was done on the spur of the moment, with every good intention of showing respect; but the House—and many members of the Committee—bitterly resented it.

Strange as it may be, 'tis true that some folks still ask us what "cheap" Rubber shares are worth the buying at the reduced prices. After recent revelations, the prophet feels more than ever the need for picking his path with the utmost circumspection. To those who ask such questions, I would reply that, of the florin shares, two which one hears well spoken of in the market are Meritini, at about half-a-crown, fully paid, and Diamantinos at about three-and-sixpence premium. The latter shares looked highly dangerous when they stood at double the present price, and they have been the subject of such giddy gambling that one would feel chary of mentioning them save as a speculation pure and simple. I confess to having faith in Beverley Tea and Rubber, which are fully paid florin shares standing at half-a-crown premium, and dealt in for Special Settlement. But whatever Rubber shares you buy, you must be prepared to Asquith, for the market is in that dull condition which may easily become chronic, and which may take weeks, or even months, to galvanise into real activity again.

On the fall, it is better to be a bull of Yankees than a bear. Quite possibly, the market may be strong before *The Sketch* appears on Tuesday, but on broad lines I believe Americans are worth having when they go flat.

Canadas look high at 200. The price removes them from the range of the average small investor, and accordingly it is the more readily manipulated by the big interests. The Company has a magnificent traffic record for the twelve months, and its monthly statements are enough to turn green with envy the hearts of Grand Trunk bulls. Unless the dividend is increased, however, there is no doubt that Canadas have the appearance of a full valuation at anything over twice par, and if I were so fortunate as to have a fine profit on the shares now, I should give somebody else the chance of making more out of mine.

On three alternate days this week I have been the honoured recipient of marked paragraphs in two financial and one ordinary newspaper respecting a coming "lumber boom" in Canada. All three bore a strong family likeness. Now, if any more sophisticated reader will explain this sudden desire to direct attention in the direction of such prospective "lumber boom" they shall earn the undying gratitude of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

"THE INVESTOR'S BLUE BOOK."

As a cheap book of reference, published at 3s. 6d. net, this volume can be bought by persons who do not care to spend the money necessary to acquire the more expensive works, and yet want a little book to which they can turn for information as to any Company whose shares are recommended to them. The book is divided into sections dealing with Government Securities, Railways, Banks, Industrial and Mining Companies; and the facts and figures given as to each Company appear, as far as we have been able to test them, to be quite accurate. There are several convenient features, such as the notes giving the yield of the stocks and shares of each Government or Company at the current market price; and attention is drawn to the weak spots of the latest balance-sheets issued by Industrial and suchlike Companies. The eighth edition of the work lies before us, dealing with 2500 securities, and there are practical articles upon the various markets and on the points to consider in reading a Company's balance-sheet. The book also contains the highest and lowest prices for ten years, and, altogether, is good value for the money to anyone having cash to invest or an inclination for speculation.

Saturday, June 4, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CAULIFLOWER.—We do not care for Nos. 1 and 2 on your list. No. 3 is, we believe, a good Company, but capital large. The rest are all sound, we think. You do not say the price at which you are taking over the shares. We presume at market quotation.

W. A. G.—We have sent the paper, but you might have paid us for the postage.

SUPPLY.—The Association is alive; address, Surrey Wharf, 126, Commercial Road. The other concern we cannot trace. We should think nothing they sold likely to be of value, but send us the name of the bonds.

NAVARRE.—You cannot recover your loss without risking more, and we do not care to recommend any "investment" which is likely to increase 50 per cent. within a reasonable time. If you like to gamble in Rubber you may, or may not,

succeed. Things like Anglo Java, Mount Austin, United Malaysian, or Deviturai might do the trick for you if you will risk it.

L. R. O.—The answer to your question appeared in our last issue. We do not reply by private letter except under Rule 5.

HELP.—San Paulo Treasury Bonds or Rio de Janeiro Guaranteed Bonds would be suitable to take the place of the Japanese. Leopoldina Preference shares or International Trust Preference stock would also do. See "Q's" note last week for a good Ordinary stock and this week's Notes.

N. D.—Your letter was answered on the 4th inst.

C. C. D.—The Rubber Company we know little of, except that at present prices it is capitalised at about £200 a planted acre, and that the market is a limited one. The Alkali shares are a very speculative holding.

MAP.—We should hold Nos. 1, 2, and 4. As to the third Company, we cannot read the name, and of the last we have a poor opinion.

MID.—If the Rubber Market improves all round, your Mid Easts will see your price again, otherwise not. The Company is a good one and in good hands. You will probably have to wait for a good long time.

A. N. O.—The very nature of the Trust makes it a speculation. It is in strong hands.

A. S. R.—None of the shares, except, perhaps, the Rubbers, can, by the greatest stretch of imagination, be called "investments." They are gambles. As to the last, all notices have been advertisements and have never appeared as the editor's notes. Whenever you can get a profit on any of your list, take it.

THE CARMEN MINES OF EL ORO, LTD.—The success which has attended the Esperanzo, El Oro Mining and Railway Company, and the Mexican Mines of El Oro has naturally called attention to the shares of the Carmen Mines of El Oro, Ltd., which owns a large and well-placed property, closely adjoining its successful neighbours. It is believed that the San Rafael vein splits before leaving the ground of the El Oro Mining and Railway Company, and passes into the claims of the Carmen Company. The property consists of the Carmen and Pleyades claims, with an area of 240 acres, and a length of some 8000 feet. There is a seventeen-stamp mill and cyanide plant on the property, and the previous proprietors crushed a considerable amount of ore from the mine, but a poor zone was met with in 1903, and operations were suspended. When the work ceased, the vein at the lowest level, though poor in value, was of good appearance and 15 feet wide. The present Company was formed to take over the property in April 1909, and, as other mines in the district have struck poor zones and passed through them, the directors of the Carmen Company are hopeful that, by sinking shafts to a depth calculated to be below the impoverished zone, they will meet with the sulphide ore, which, from the experience of the neighbouring mines, will probably be rich and highly profitable. Shafts are at present being sunk in the northern part of the property. The Carmen shaft, in that section which adjoins the El Oro, is now over 900 feet deep, and is intended to be pushed down to 1200 feet.

The shaft on the Pleyades claims to the south is now down 600 feet. When the Carmen shaft reaches a depth of 1200 feet it is intended to thoroughly test and open up the San Rafael vein at that depth, also to cross-cut the Pleyades claim in search of the rich veins which have been found on the Esperanza Mine. The Company has a capital of £200,000 in £1 shares, of which 120,000 have been issued, and there have been active dealings at about 19-16 of late.

THE ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMWAYS COMPANY.—At the twenty-sixth ordinary general meeting of this Company, the chairman stated that, as the result of the operations during the year 1909, 223,823,792 passengers were carried. The total receipts amounted to £1,938,887, and the expenditure, including £50,000 carried to the depreciation renewals funds, totalled £1,207,222, leaving a net profit of £731,665. After providing for all fixed charges, dividends on both classes of Preference shares, nine months' rent of the Metropolitan tramways, and the share capital sinking fund, the surplus balance at credit of net revenue account is £140,972, from which has to be deducted the interim dividend paid on the Ordinary shares and the further dividend which is now recommended upon them, together £130,625, leaving a balance of £10,347 to be carried forward. The advantages of the fusion which had been effected were clearly evident from the working of the entire system for the first four months of 1910. The profits had been £316,433 to April 30, or at the rate of, say, £950,000 a year, which should leave £275,000 for renewals and Ordinary dividend. The concession the Company had obtained for the construction of subways will involve capital expenditure not exceeding £5,000,000, spread over a number of years. The increase of the population made it necessary to add to the facilities for quick and easy access to the business centres, and if this Company had not undertaken the work it would have fallen into the hands of others. The report and accounts were adopted, and the necessary resolutions carried for the creation of Debenture and share capital.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Lingfield these should go close: High-Class Handicap, Avenger; Maiden Plate, Foxhunt; Club Welter, Glasscourt; Eden Handicap, Awake II.; Grange Handicap, Jet. At Gatwick the Selling Handicap may be won by Last Call, the Horseshoe Handicap by Sandysike, and the Home Bred Plate by Cordelia; the Three-Year-Old Handicap may go to Bull's Run, the Home Bred Cup to War Lord, and the Home Bred Two-Year-Old Plate to Grey. At Ascot I like St. Victrix for the Gold Vase and Verney for the Ascot Stakes.

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SUPPLEMENT: Queen Alexandra—Miss Phyllis Dare—Mlle. Pavlova—The Marriage of Miss Margareta Drexel and Viscount Maidstone—
The Oberammergau Passion Play—Mlle. Adeline Genée.

PAGE		PAGE	AGE
Dover to Calais and Back in 90 Minutes by Aeroplane	267	Mr. Riccardo Martin	282
Motley Notes	268	Miss Edith Kirkwood	282
From the Kandy Store: Graves the Gay	269	Miss Ruth Vincent	282
Amateur Golf Champion for the 7th Time: Mr. John Ball	270	A Couple of Brace	283
The Pole-Seekers: the Sailing of the "Terra Nova"	271	The American Invasion of Europe	284
The Clubman—Dutch Women and Children	273	Ark, Ark, the Beasts Lie Stark	285
Football Under Strange Conditions	273	The Literary Lounger	286
Cuff Comments	274	An Open-Air Theatre in China	286
"Twenty Hard and Gruelling Rounds"	275	What It Feels Like—	287
Small Talk—Miss Cecily Broome	276	A Novel in a Nutshell: "The Duke's Experiment"	288, 290
Lieutenant C. C. Sherman, R.N.	276	Fishing by Telephone	289
Mrs. Medlicott—Miss Ina Pelly	276	World's Whispers	291
Mr. Christopher W. Lowther	276	Mr. Frank Isitt	291
Mr. Eric Thirkell White	276	Sir J. H. de Villiers	291
		Mrs. Longworth	291
		Miss Ethel Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt	291
		Concerning New Novels	xii

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June 8, 1910.

Signature.....

A

PAGE		PAGE	AGE
Captain Medlicott	276	Mr. Riccardo Martin	282
Miss Francesca Honner	276	Miss Edith Kirkwood	282
Levitation	277	Miss Ruth Vincent	282
Crowns, Coronets, and Courtiens	278	A Couple of Brace	283
Miss Phyllis Thornton	278	The American Invasion of Europe	284
Mrs. Rowland Alston	278	Ark, Ark, the Beasts Lie Stark	285
Mrs. Kenneth Lee	278	The Literary Lounger	286
The Late Viscount Chelsea	278	An Open-Air Theatre in China	286
Mrs. Saxton Noble	278	What It Feels Like—	287
Buskins for Beauties	279	A Novel in a Nutshell: "The Duke's Experiment"	288, 290
The Stage from the Stalls	280	Fishing by Telephone	289
"Judge Not," at the Queen's	280	World's Whispers	291
"Robert Macaire," at the Queen's	280	Mr. Frank Isitt	291
The Wedding of Viscount Wolmer and the Hon. Grace Ridley	281	Sir J. H. de Villiers	291
Keynotes	282	Mrs. Longworth	291
Mr. Ernest Schelling	282	Miss Ethel Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt	291

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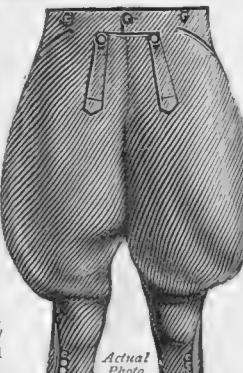
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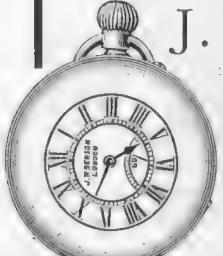
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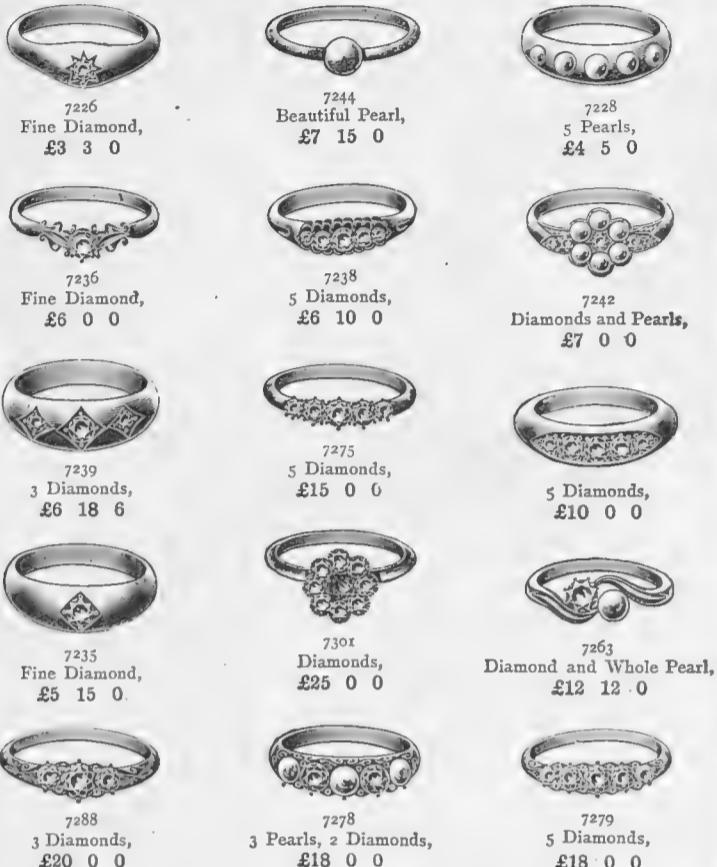
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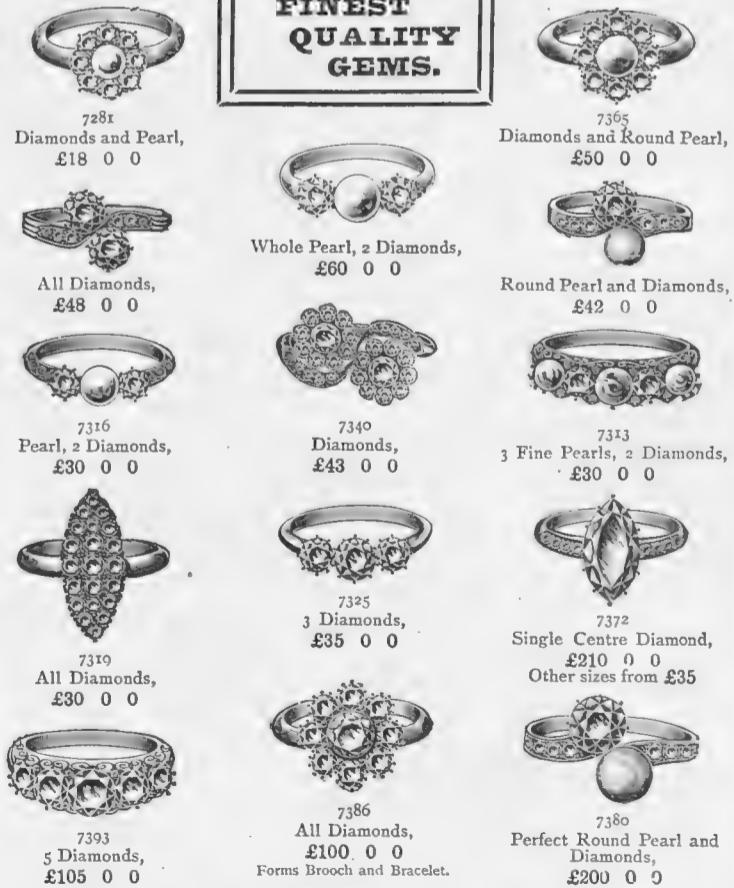
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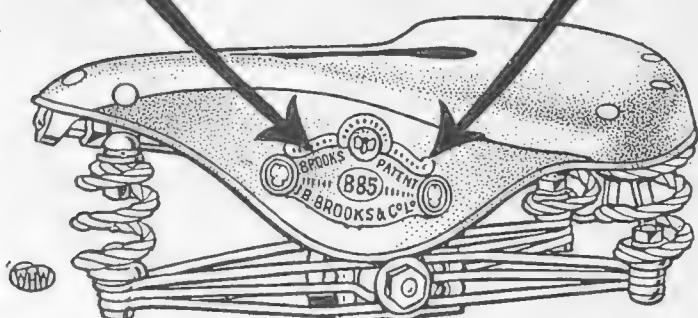
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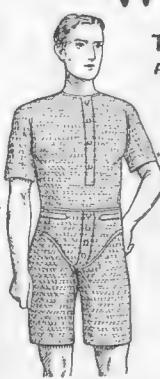
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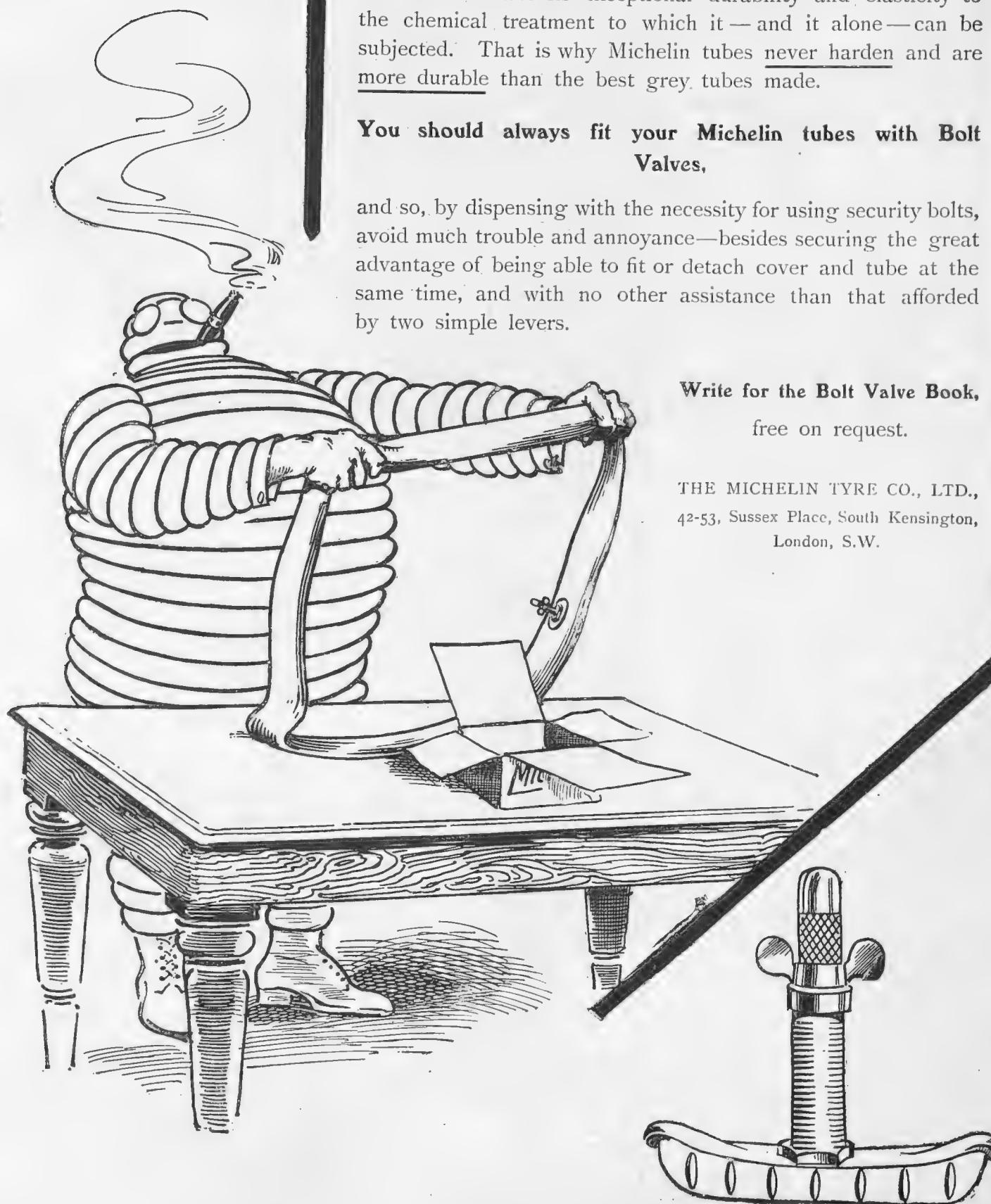
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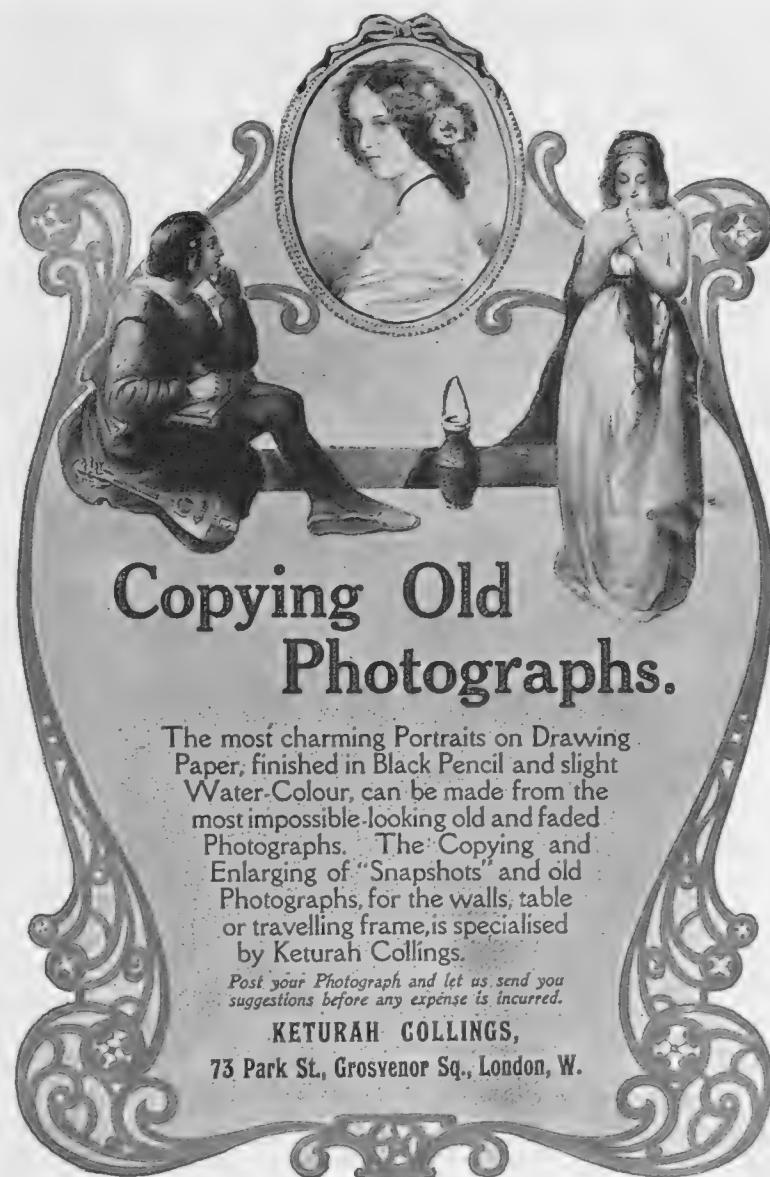
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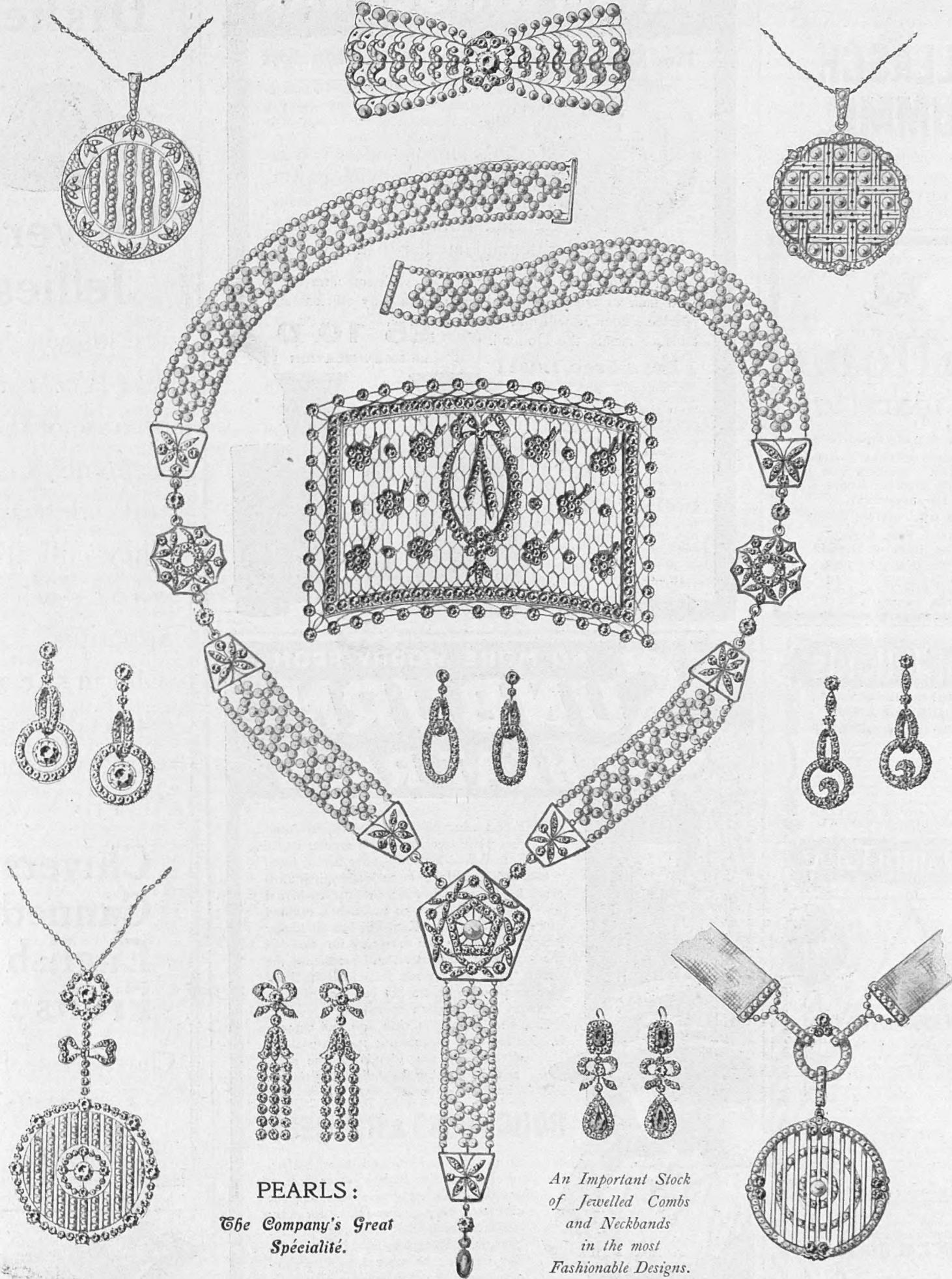
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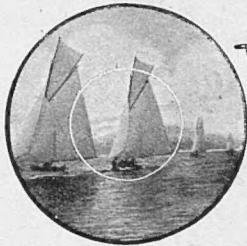
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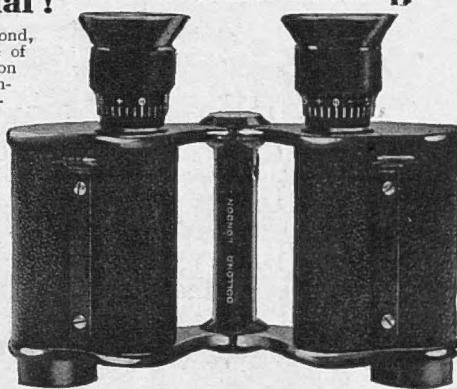
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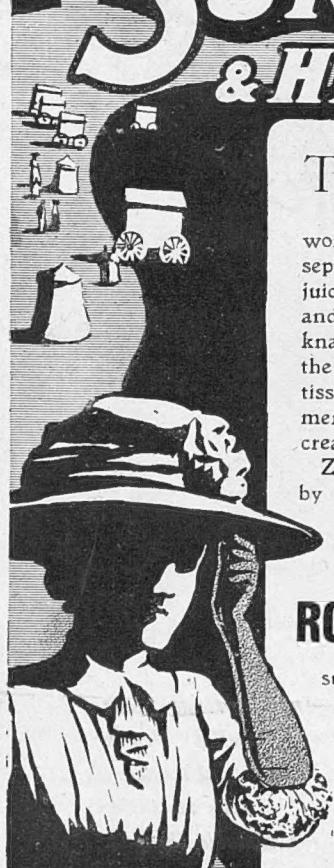
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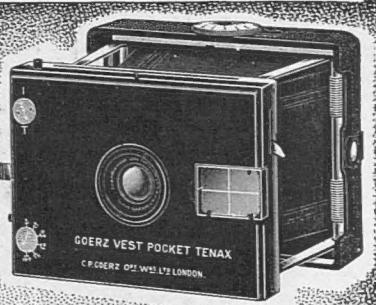
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

No Endorsement for Extinction. In a case concerning the extinction of the rear-light of a motor-car, an offence which the majority of Benches have shown indecent haste to endorse upon the driving-license, Mr. Staples Firth, the well-known automobilist's solicitor, succeeded in scoring a point which, if ultimately sustainable, should prove a crumb of comfort to the motorist. Hitherto, rightly or wrongly, license-endorsement for lamps out has been held to be within the terms of the Motor Car Act of 1900—generally admitted to be one of the most loosely drawn measures which ever passed into law; but by advising a client not to produce his license for such endorsement after conviction, Mr. Firth forced the police to summons the motorist anew, when he drew the attention of the magistrate to the wording of the Act, which imposed endorsement for offences connected with the driving of a motor-car. Now no driving offence can be twisted to include the spontaneous ignition of a lamp, and taking this rational and common-sense view, the magistrate dismissed the summons. Why, hitherto, have all the astute lawyers retained and consulted by our legal defence associations missed this point?

How to Compute Your Motor Tax.

The Treasury has issued a somewhat cryptic leaflet setting out the method to be adopted in computing the horse-power of motor-engines under the Finance Act, 1909-10. To put the matter as plainly as possible, the horse-power of any engine is to be calculated by means of the cylinder-bore measured in inches, as follows: In the

case of a single-acting cylinder, $2\frac{1}{2}$ square in. = 1-h.p.; in the case of a single-acting cylinder having two pistons, presumably such motors as the Gobron-Brillié, $1\frac{1}{2}$ square in. = 1-h.p.; and in the case of a double-acting cylinder—here the steamer is netted— $1\frac{1}{4}$ square in. = 1-h.p. In measuring cylinders and calculating horse-power, fractions of an inch and fractions of a unit of a horse-power are to be taken into account. To find the horse-power of, say, a four-cylinder engine having cylinders of 4 in. bore, 4 should be multiplied by 4 = 16. This total must then be multiplied by .7854, which will give the cylinder-area in inches; then that area in inches multiplied by 4, and that total divided by $2\frac{1}{2}$. I hope that is clearer than if I had set it out mathematically.

Back to the Road. The George and Dragon, at Buckden, that cycle-famous village on the London-to-York road, some sixty miles from London, which, some seventy or eighty years ago, was one of the great houses of entertainment on this road, is to return in outward and inward appearance to its ancient glories. It is to be restored to its exact presentment of the late coaching days, with a view of making a highly interesting objective for motorists on this great highway. Casement windows, ingle-nooks, panelled walls, timbered ceilings, chimney-

corners are all to be as they were, though the stables and coach-houses must become garages, and the yard resound to the snort or exhausts rather than to the neighing of high-mettled steeds. The Autocar ascribes this welcome renaissance to a well-known art-dealer and motorist, whose educated eye and taste discerned the possibilities of restoring this old inn to its former appearance and comfort. When complete it should be quite worth a visit, and will make an interesting day's run.



A MOTOR-CAR IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS: A WOLSELEY CAR ON THE WAY TO AN ELEPHANT KRAAL IN CEYLON.

The car belongs to Mr. J. L. Sinclair, of Tillicoultry, Linlithgow, Ceylon, who bought it last December from the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Company, of Birmingham. In four months he covered nearly 6000 miles in it, with only one puncture and no serious breakdown, in spite of very hilly roads and petrol of an inferior quality to that obtainable in England. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the car averages 22½ miles to the gallon.

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